BRITANNIA and EVE

AUGUST
1945

ROSE MARIE HODGSON
C. PATRICK THOMPSON

B. L. JACOT
JANE GORDON

HOLLOWAY HORN
WILLIAM MacMILLAN

1/3

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

THE HIGHEST EXPRESSION OF ACHIEVEMENT
The intriguing hat was created by Aage Thaarup. What this name means in Fashion, 'IMPERIAL LEATHER typifies in fine Toilet Soaps
IMPERIAL LEATHER
TOILET SOAPS

Announcement of CUSSONS SONS & CO. LTD., MANCHESTER

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 31, No. 2 AUGUST, 1945

Contents for August

THIS IS ENGLAND (8) Castle Combe, Wiltshire

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by *Critchlow*

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

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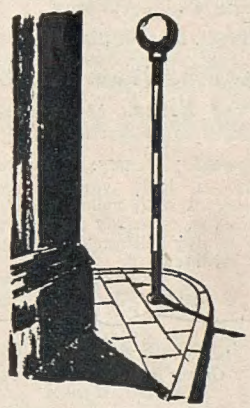


Teach children
KERB DRILL

See that they always do it and set a good example by doing it yourself.

△

1. *At the Kerb* HALT
2. EYES RIGHT
3. EYES LEFT
4. EYES RIGHT AGAIN
   then if the road is clear
5. QUICK MARCH
   Don't rush
   Cross in an orderly manner

Something NEW in Salads

Salad making gives full scope to your powers of invention. For almost all vegetables are at home in the salad bowl, and you can try them in almost endless combinations. A crisp salad, as appetising to look at as it is to taste, is a very important item in the day's meals. Raw, green vegetables are one of the richest sources of vitamin C.

You'll remember that this is the vitamin that helps so much to give clear skin, bright eyes and that feeling of vigour which makes life enjoyable. Even when there is more fruit available, don't give up the healthy and pleasant habit of a salad a day. Here are some suggestions to set you thinking out your own special salads :

Summer Salad

FOR 4 PEOPLE: 1 *tin sardines* (4½ *oz. weight*), 1 *lettuce or* ½ *lb. shredded cabbage*, 4 *medium tomatoes*, 2 *dried eggs, reconstituted and hard boiled*, 1 *finely chopped onion*, 2 *tablespoons chopped parsley, vinegar, salt and pepper.*

Remove sardines whole from the tin and retain the oil. Arrange the lettuce or cabbage on a dish. Garnish round the dish alternately with sliced tomato and hard-boiled egg. Place sardines in the centre of the lettuce or cabbage and sprinkle with the chopped onion and parsley. Mix the sardine oil with an equal quantity of vinegar, season well and pour over the sardines.

SOME UNUSUAL SALAD INGREDIENTS

Nasturtium leaves. These, with their hot taste something like watercress, add zest to a salad. Rich in vitamin C.

Sorrel leaves. Pleasantly acid; give a refreshing flavour.

Dandelion leaves. These are also rich in vitamins. They have a tonic bitterness, and used with discretion add appetising tang to your salad.

Plums. Raw, or those bottled without sugar, stoned and halved, are delicious in a salad.

Mint Sauce. Makes a delightful salad dressing.

Tomato Sauce. Thinned with a little vinegar and seasoned well, makes a good dressing, especially for a salad containing pilchards, herrings or sardines.

Green Pea & Cheese Salad

FOR 4 PEOPLE: 8 *oz. cooked or canned peas*, 3 *oz. cheese, cut in cubes*, 2 *tablespoons finely chopped onion or leek*, 2 *tablespoons chopped parsley, salt and pepper*, 1 *tablespoon vinegar*, ½ *lb. finely shredded cabbage*, ½ *lb. cooked cubed potatoes*, 1 *small beetroot, cubed*, 1 *bunch well-washed watercress.*

Mix together the peas, cheese, onion or leek, parsley, seasoning and vinegar. Arrange in a bed of shredded cabbage. Garnish with potatoes, beetroot and sprigs of watercress.

Runner Bean Salad

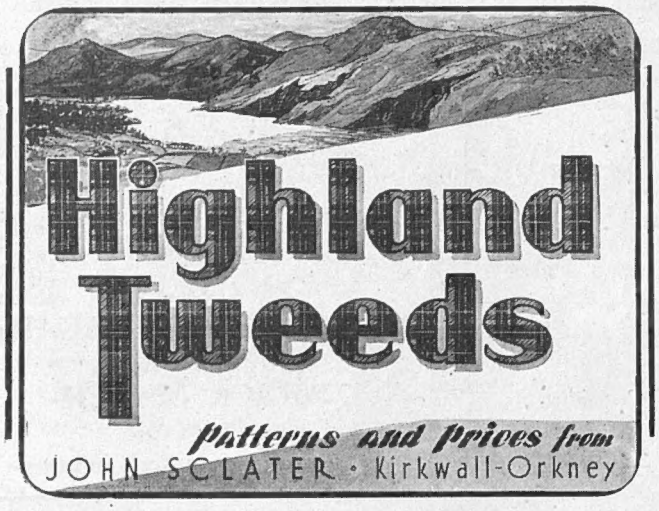
FOR 4 PEOPLE: 2 *breakfast cups cooked runner beans*, 2 *or* 3 *onions, finely chopped*, 2 *breakfast cups finely shredded cabbage heart, salad dressing*, 4 *dried eggs, reconstituted and hard boiled*, 1 *medium-cooked beetroot, tomato if available.*

Mix the beans, onion and cabbage with sufficient salad dressing to moisten. Garnish with sliced hard-boiled egg, beetroot and a few slices of tomato.

A REMINDER TO MOTHERS

Orange juice for Vitamin C,
Cod liver oil for A and D,
Keep children fit as fit can be,
With Welfare Foods they get all three.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S125)



In the year 1738 Frederick, Prince of Wales visited Bath and contributed the sum of £1,000 to the Bath Mineral Water Hospital founded by Dr. Oliver and Beau Nash.

'Excellent biscuits' . . .
SAID THE PRINCE

'Your Royal Highness's munificence' said Dr. Oliver, pocketing the Prince's cheque, 'cannot be exceeded save by' . . . 'the quality of your excellent biscuits,' interrupted the Prince.

Already famous among the fashionables of that day were these excellent biscuits invented by Dr. Oliver. After over two centuries their unique palatability and flavour remain unchanged. Wartime demands have made Bath Oliver Biscuits less plentiful, but they should be readily available again when the world returns to peace.

Fortts
BATH OLIVER
BISCUITS

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

"Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot."

"A Christmas Carol" CHAS. DICKENS

Bisto supplies quickly and without trouble, plenty of thick, rich gravy for all meat dishes.

Ah! BISTO
MAKES DELICIOUS GRAVY

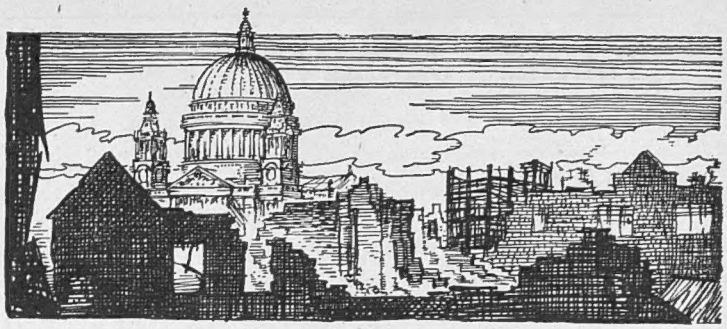
Horrockses

REGD.

the Greatest Name in Cotton

SHEETS · PILLOWCASES
TOWELS · FLANNELETTES
WINCETTES · DRESS GOODS
SHIRTINGS · FURNISHINGS
UTILITY FABRICS · ETC.

HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO. LTD., PRESTON, MANCHESTER, BOLTON, LONDON



BUILD *the* BROKEN WALLS

The walls of our cities
the walls of our homes
the walls of our industry
our prosperity
our security
the walls of our hopes—
let us build
with energy
with enthusiasm
with confidence—
but never forgetting
that peace has but begun.
In the Far East
our boys still fight.

They need munitions
Ships, Food—*AND*
our continuing support.
Let us give these . . . .
And while they destroy
the last enemy,
we at home
build again
the broken walls,
restore industry
create the jobs
tear down the black-out
turn up the lights
Work and SAVE—
to prepare
the Home of Freedom
for their home coming.

KEEP ON SAVING
we've great things to do

Issued by the National Savings Committee

Soon now!

after five years with the Services

HEINZ

57

will be home with you again

Always ready to serve

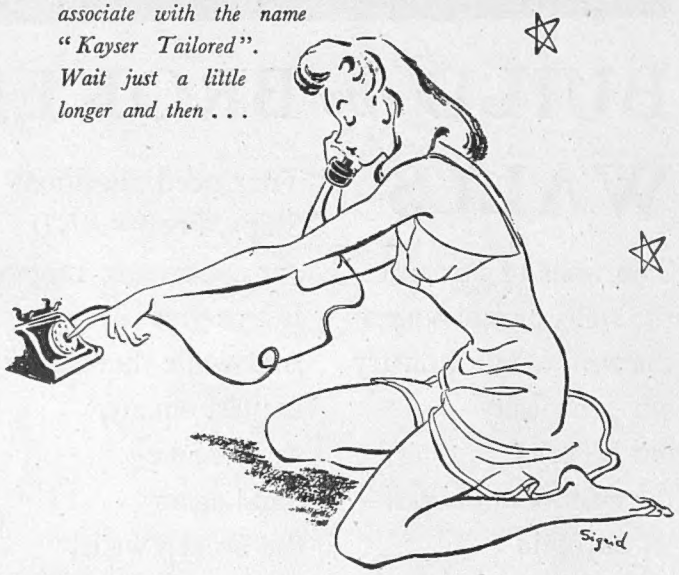
Traditional quality
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
in original OLD FASHIONED FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although restricted in distribution by scarcity of old stocks.

WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON
INVERNESS

Patience, darling!

You've been very patient — very patient indeed — and soon you'll get your reward . . . enchanting, form-flattering Kayser Tailored underwear will be there in the shops for you to choose — in all the luxurious style and quality you associate with the name "Kayser Tailored". Wait just a little longer and then . . .



KAYSER *Tailored*

A Kayser-Bondor Production

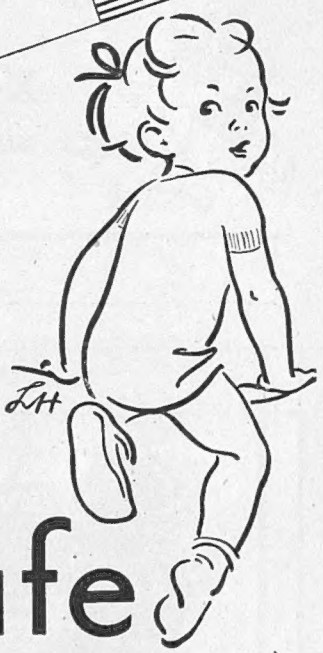
They're Friendly
They're Smart
They're Hutton's

In a good range of colours.

Ask for "Hutton" Shoes by name at Dolcis, Lilley & Skinner's, Saxone, and most good Shoe Shops.

Hutton of NORTHAMPTON

trust nothing but WOOL



In Wool you have nature's own protection against chill. In Chilprufe you have Pure Wool which has been scientifically treated by a secret process to render it soft and unshrinkable and very durable. It is the only safe underwear for children. Its shape and colour are not affected by repeated washing. *At present made only for Infants and young Children.*

Chilprufe

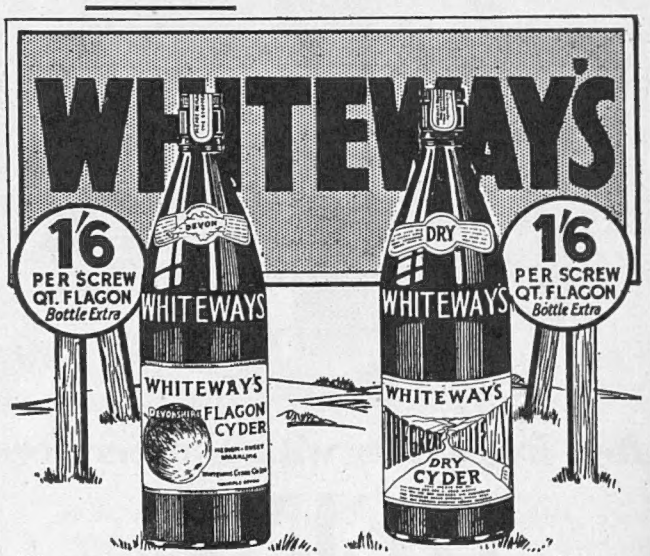
REG^D *for* CHILDREN

Also CHILPRUFE Dresses, Rompers, Cardigans, Buster Suits for toddlers, Shoes for Babies, and Man-Tailored Coats for Children

CHILPRUFE LIMITED
Governing Director: JOHN A. BOLTON
LEICESTER

is Pure Wool made Perfect

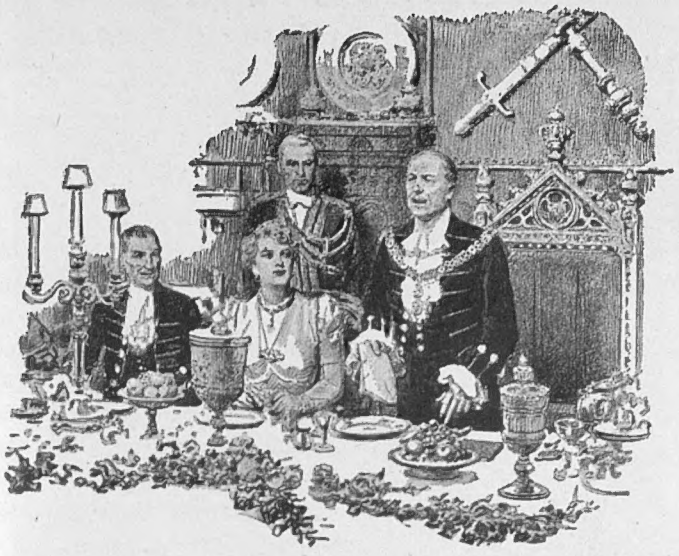
CYDER
WITH A NAME YOU KNOW "BEHIND" IT



We used to pride ourselves that there was no part of Britain where you could not get Whiteway's Cyder. Now that is changed. Cyder, like many other things, is being zoned to save transport and labour. We can send our cyder only to certain areas, and many people who for years have held Whiteway's in high esteem, must now be denied it until zoning ends. To the lucky ones in the Whiteway zones we extend our congratulations; to those who must forgo their favourite cyder, we offer our sincere regrets.

WHITEWAY'S CYDER ZONED

CVS–85

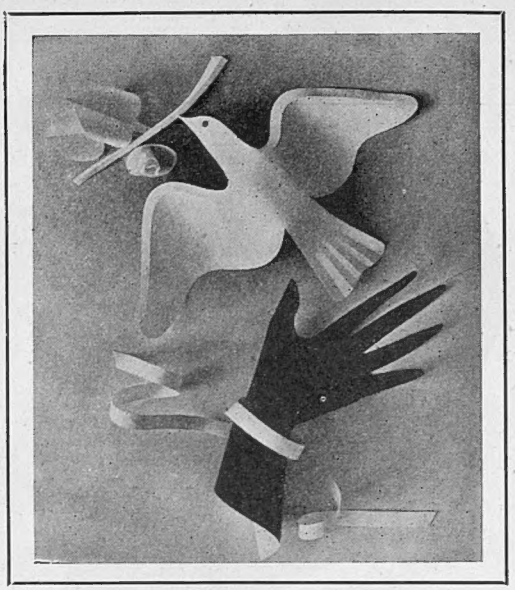


Gracing the festive boards of those civic rituals which have distinguished English life for generations, Minton China continues nobly to fulfil a noble duty. Peerless product of England herself and of English artistry and craftsmanship, what indeed could provide a happier contribution to such auspicious occasions?

MINTON

The World's Most Beautiful China

MINTONS LTD · STOKE-UPON-TRENT · EST. 1793



Peace will one day again be a synonym for plenty. The most difficult days lie behind and the time is near when Cyclax preparations will again be in abundance. As their precious ingredients become obtainable and restrictions are eased, so will Cyclax preparations be available to safeguard the birthright of every woman—a lovely complexion.

CYCLAX OF LONDON

58, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, W.1. MAYFAIR 0054.

NEW YORK MELBOURNE WELLINGTON N.Z. JOHANNESBURG

TIME MARCHES ON...

AND SO, WHEN PEACE RETURNS, WILL

IDRIS

THE QUALITY SOFT DRINK

IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON, MAKERS OF QUALITY TABLE WATERS THROUGH FIVE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS

BY APPOINTMENT

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI. HUNTLEY & PALMERS LTD

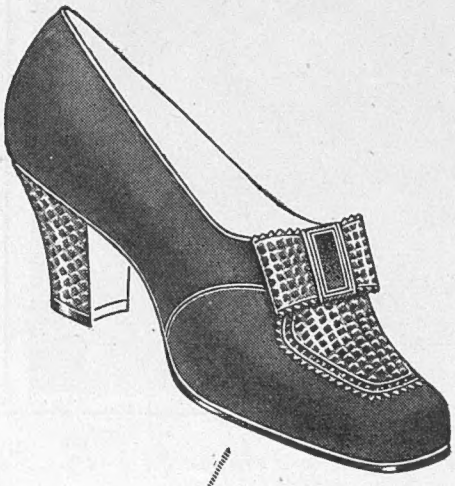
Huntley & Palmers

the first name you think of in

Biscuits

CFH

Fashion Afoot



by Swan

● REPTILE TRIMMED EFFECT BY CROCKETT & JONES, NORTHAMPTON

MANUFACTURERS OF 'SWAN' SHOES & 'HEALTH' SHOES

CVS–110

'Rufflette' Tape costs only a few pence a Yard — No Coupons

Most homes these days are in real need of new curtains. Yet few people have coupons to spare for curtain materials. There's the rub. What can be done about it? One solution is to have your war-weary curtains cleaned and fitted with "RUFFLETTE" tape.

"RUFFLETTE" tape has a rejuvenating effect on curtains that is quite astonishing. It gives them a spruce tailored finish that makes all the difference. Try it.

★ 'Rufflette' BRAND

POCKETED CURTAIN TAPE

also hooks, rings and rails

★ A FRENCH'S PRODUCT

THOMAS FRENCH & SONS LTD. *Factories:* MANCHESTER & WYTHENSHAWE FALL RIVER, MASS., U.S.A.

London Office: 156 Oxford Street, W.1. *Also* British Empire Buildings, New York City

"We must all become more SANDWICH minded" says IRENE VEAL, m.c.a., our cookery adviser,

"and so help to solve the problem of what to give the family. Since you do not have to remove the delicious golden crusts of PROCEA BREAD there is no waste."

Irene Veal has prepared two leaflets giving many ideas for Savoury, Sweet and FRIED sandwiches, which will gladly be sent to you.

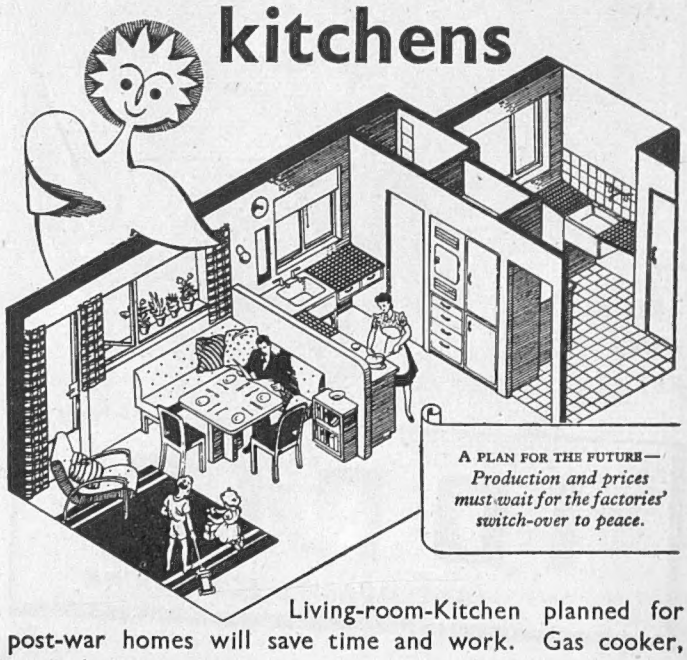
WRITE enclosing 2½d. stamp (to comply with regulations).

PROCEA PRODUCTS LTD., 47 DEAN STREET, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1

Procea Bread

A BRIGHTER FUTURE FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

in the new GAS kitchens



A PLAN FOR THE FUTURE— *Production and prices must wait for the factories' switch-over to peace.*

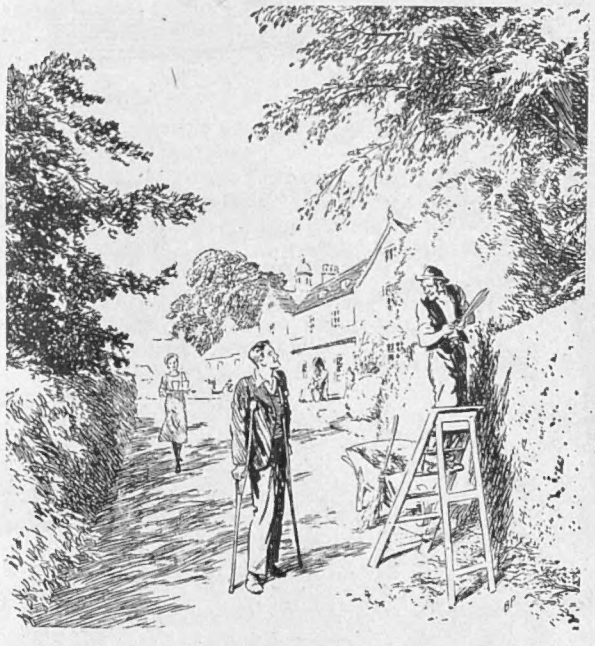
Living-room-Kitchen planned for post-war homes will save time and work. Gas cooker, water heater and refrigerator. Utility room adjoining with home laundry equipment.

BRITISH GAS COUNCIL, LONDON, S.W.1. (36)

SIRDAR
LEAFLET
1092
Made in 5 ozs. SIRDAR Super Shetland Wool 2-ply. Price 4d. from Stores and Woolshops or 5d. post free from HARRAP BROS. (Sirdar Wools) Ltd., Bective Mills, WAKEFIELD.

ELATION MAKE-UP FILM. *Not a liquid . . . not a cream . . . but a most unusual foundation of the finest possible texture to be lightly filmed over the skin. An exquisite Dorothy Gray Preparation, peach-tinted to suit all skin-tones, to hold and flatter the make-up.*

Dorothy Gray is a Registered Trade Mark



If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, it is because many continue to have special need of it

For nearly six years much of the Horlicks that has been made has gone to the fighting forces, the hospitals, and war factories. These needs will still have to be met.

It is nevertheless hoped that the shops will receive increasing quantities of Horlicks as the months go by, but if you still find Horlicks difficult to get, it is because many continue to have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

Dorville

FOR THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

Tailored Suits and Dresses Pullovers

AT

DORVILLE HOUSE

ONLY WHOLESALE

ROSE & BLAIRMAN LTD. DORVILLE HOUSE MARGARET ST. LONDON W1

Not yet can we say that the glamour age has returned in full force, but, even so, it is now possible to obtain charm-enhancing articles such as good soap, floral-perfumed dusting powder, protective foundation, beautifully tinted lipsticks and all-purpose creams. Helena Rubinstein makes these lovely things and they can be obtained from the best stores and chemists

Helena Rubinstein

48 BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.
GROSVENOR 1407

streamlined tailormades

deréta town and country wear . . . the coat and suit taken from our Autumn-Winter collection have all the finesse and flair associated with the name ***deréta*** . . . in pure woollens, velours, Scotch tweeds, etc., — available from August 31.

deréta

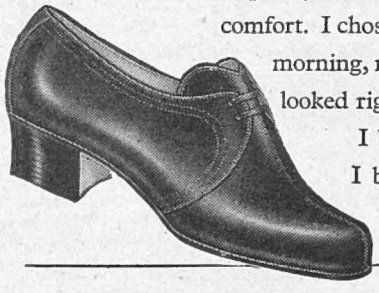
• Send 1d. stamp for Deréta Fashion Flash—available August 1st.

deréta WHOLESALE ONLY), KENT HOUSE, MARKET PLACE, LONDON, W.1

What made me choose Moccasin?

"I had to buy QUALITY..

I really wanted two pairs of shoes . . . my available coupons indicated *one* pair . . . so I went for quality . . . quality in material, workmanship, comfort. I chose a pair I could wear morning, noon or night, which looked right for all occasions. I bought on quality— I bought MOCCASIN."



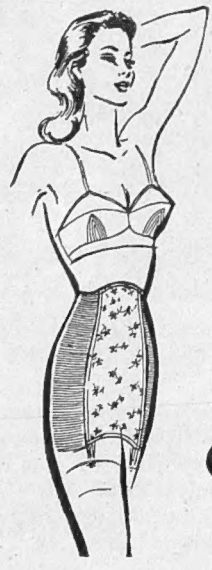
MOCCASIN TWO-PURPOSE *Shoes*

SAVE PRECIOUS COUPONS

PADMORE & BARNES LTD., *Moccasin Shoe Makers*, NORTHAMPTON

1606

In France the exaggeration of luxury in fashion had so increased during the reign of Henry IV that between the years 1601 and 1606 he issued economy laws.



1945

Good corsets are not a luxury, but restrictions on the use of materials used in them have had to be imposed. Soon, we hope, Gossard styles will again be made to the standards by which they became famous.

THE Gossard LINE OF BEAUTY

Britannia and Eve
AUGUST 1945

That's my man all over," Dolores said. "He never does anything quite like anyone else. He always finds something different, unexpected"

Frontier Trail

Which Ended In Re-Union and Happiness

By

Rose Marie Hodgson

SANDRA flushed beneath her freckles as she swung herself up into the Frontier Mail. It was not the heat of the thronged Bombay Central Station, or the rush from the docks through the heat-hazy, clamorous city that brought the blood singing to her ears. It was the half-whispered remark of a ginger-moustached subaltern to a dark, lithe, sparkling woman, dressed in an *outrê* scheme of vermilion, crimson and white.

"Suitable chaperon for you, Dolores!"

That was what he whispered, and the gale of Dolores' laughter followed Sandra into the coach.

Till that moment she had been buoyed by a feeling of elation and achievement, but the whisper and the laugh deflated her, and she felt suddenly tired and hot. She became aware of the creases in her white linen suit and the splayed flecks of yellow Bombay dust on her white sandals. The mirror in the compartment reflected her shining nose and a wisp of brown hair that had broken away from its upswept fellows to float in humiliating uncertainty as it was wafted hither and thither by the electric fan.

She flung her newspaper on to the right-hand berth of the two and sank gratefully into the cane chair by the door. Well, at any rate she had arrived in India at last. And there it was—or at least some of it—passing her by on the station platform. She watched the stream of yellow-turbaned porters carrying great tin trunks and bedding rolls on their heads; all the last-minute rush as a bearer ran along with the forgotten golf-bag of an irate burra sahib, and another lugged along the protesting spaniel pup of an anxious Army captain; a sloe-eyed woman with her baby astride her hip stopped by the compartment and approached Sandra with the sing-song whine of all the beggars of India. "Salaam, Memsahib! Baksheesh, Memsahib! Salaam, Memsahib!", while behind her, after a tremendous gurgitation, a paan-eater spat his red saliva out on to the platform.

The ginger subaltern drew nearer to the dark woman and took her right hand between his. She was laughing, but he looked serious.

Seen off by one at this end, and met by another at the other, Sandra guessed, and then she paused, ashamed.

Oh, well, she excused herself, I'm tired, and I expect I'm the only person in the whole train who isn't being seen off and met, or at any rate being fussed over by servants and bearers. Just a little twinge of envy, that's what it is. But I'll soon be all right, she thought. I'll soon stop being lonely. Everything will be fine before long.

Bells clanged and the dark girl climbed into the compartment. They were off.

Dolores sleeked her black hair at the mirror and sank back on to her berth with a novel in her hand. But she did not open the book. She put her feet up and relaxed, and Sandra saw silk stockings so sheer that they were hardly visible on her long and very shapely legs. Subconsciously, she tucked her own bare legs further under the chair and took out her cigarette-case. Four times she tried to flick her lighter into flame, then Dolores swung into a half-sitting posture and offered her a light.

As Dolores leaned forward, the book slipped from her lap and an envelope fell from inside it and slid to Sandra's feet.

"Oh, thank you," Sandra said. "Thank you very much. My lighter must be empty again! Such a nuisance!" And she felt that each ordinary little phrase sounded more ordinary than usual as she spoke to this self-possessed woman, whose lighter would surely never go wrong. She stooped and picked up the letter.

"Look, this fell out of your book, I think." She handed it to Dolores. "What a very odd way of addressing an envelope!" She laughed nervously. "I couldn't help seeing it. All the lines starting at the same place, I mean, one under the other, not going in a bit each time the way most people do their envelopes."

Dolores laughed. She had a rich, almost a fruity laugh, as though everything was fun, but her own private jokes were best of all.

"That's my man all over," she said. "He never does anything quite like anyone else. He always finds something different, unexpected. I remember noticing the odd way he wrote the envelope the very first time I had a letter from him."

She propped her dressing-case open on the table and took out a silver flask.

"Look!" she said. "I think we two had better get acquainted. We've got twenty-six hours to spend together—that's if you're going as far as Delhi—and we might as well enjoy ourselves. What's your name? Mine's Dolores Alverez. Place of birth: Buenos Aires. Adopted nationality: American. Distinguishing birthmarks: small mole behind the left ear and singular lack of inhibitions. Profession: dancer. And a damn good dancer, too. It's the only thing I am good at. Now have a whisky and tell me about yourself."

She pulled out an ice-flask and plopped ice and water into the two glasses on the table. Sandra gasped.

"I don't—oh, yes, I do. I'd love a whisky," she said. "Well, there's not much to say about me. I'm very ordinary. I've just come out from England to work for the Government of India. My name's Lindsay."

She glanced at the initials S.J.L. on the two suitcases at the end of the compartment. "Sandra Lindsay. I'm thirty-five," she added as an afterthought.

"Oho!" Dolores lifted her glass. "Well, here's to Sandra and the new job. One of the clever ones. Tidy-minded, I'm sure. Can keep a secret. Well, if you want to know, I think Delhi is one of the lousiest spots on the face of the earth. Full of chicken-livered, stiff-necked socialites who are so well-bred and so thin-blooded that they've forgotten all the arts except polite conversation. And their conversation's so polite that it's like a church service in Lent. But it's not going to be like that this week-end. At least, one spot in one hotel in little old Delhi isn't. Not if Dolores knows it! Drink all right?"

"Fine, thanks," and Sandra sipped slowly. "Are you going to Delhi to dance?"

"Not professionally. I'm going to Delhi to meet my man. The one with the funny envelopes," she smiled reminiscently. "And what a man."

"What's he like? Tell me."

"Drink up and have the other half, and I will." Dolores poured herself another stiff drink and settled back into her berth with the pleased expression of a woman who enjoys talking and who has just been given a free rein to her favourite theme.

"Well, he's a big man, for a start." She half-shut her eyes and blew a ring of smoke into the air as though she were projecting a picture of the man she loved into space. "I could never stand little men myself. He's big. Tall, you know, and broad to match, and solid-looking. Takes himself very seriously—but then, he's English. Sorry! But you know English *men* do. And there's something rather appealing about it. Full of duty and service and responsibility, he is. God knows why I like him. But I do. I'm crazy about him. I've made him sound dull and pompous, but I assure you he's not. Oh, well, whatever one says I expect it's just good old Mother Nature at work again. You know, glands, God bless 'em! Don't look shocked, my Sandra! Don't look shocked! Here, have a drink! I like you! You're sympatiqua. And you're the hell of a good listener, that I will say."

Dolores drained the flask into the glasses.

"That's that!" she moaned. "It's dead. And I could have gone on all night. I'm just beginning to enjoy myself. I don't want any dinner, and I'm certainly not climbing out to rush down the platform to that awful dining-car. I hate these Indian trains with no corridors. Anyway, I've got sandwiches for to-night. And you must share them. But I do wish I'd brought a whole bottle of Scotch along. I didn't guess I'd find such a congenial travelling companion. And do you know, at first I thought you were going to be one of the righteous and godly ones! You know," this confidentially, "I'm all right if I don't have a drink at all. But if I start I want to go on. Especially if I have someone interesting to talk to."

"I've got a bottle of Scotch whisky in my bag." Sandra stood up with the air of one making a decision. She pulled out a suitcase. Dolores sat up in amazement.

"Well," she drawled, "wonders will never cease! Say, Sandra, I like you for that! And I thought you were the little mousey, quiet one!"

Sandra set the bottle on the table.

"I didn't really mean it for the journey," she said. "But we might as well have it. As a matter of fact, it may prove more valuable now than at any other time even if I were to save it. Though they say Scotch whisky is hard to come by in India nowadays."

"It's more precious than pearls, my poppet!" laughed Dolores.

IT was nearly dark, and the Frontier Mail had long left Bombay Province and was chugging at its slow, steady 30 miles an hour up-country. The sun was fiery and huge and setting fast in a sky of duck-egg green wisped with lacey trails of cream cloud. Every now and then it shot crimson gleams across stretches of quiet pool where the water buffaloes gathered for an evening wallow. With night came chill.

But Dolores looked like a flame. Her huge, dark eyes blazed in her olive face, and Sandra noticed that they also began very faintly to glaze. Every once in a way she muffed the "s" at the beginning of a word. She was working herself into a glow of spurious happiness, or else preparing to wallow in her sorrows like the water buffalo in the pools by the railtrack. You could never be quite sure which way the cocktail hour would take a woman like Dolores.

She switched on the light and ran a purplish lipstick, that matched her long finger-nails, round her mouth. Then she held up her glass against the light and clinked the amber ice round in the golden liquid

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

She jumped down on to the platform and stretched out her hands to a tall and powerfully-built man. He drew her towards him and looked down at the upturned face. "Dolores!" And the way he said her name was a caress. "It's good to see you"

I wish I had your placid temperament, Sandra." She lifted a hand to silence her companion. "I'm all ups and downs, you know. Now, someone like you—life is simple for you. You know what you want and you get it. You go all out for your career. You get on. Oh, I've got on, too. Spectacularly. I know that well enough. I've danced my way through the capital cities of Europe. I've met all the famous people—Hitler and Mussolini. You know. Men have quarrelled over me. I've been fêted. But I've not got what I wanted. It's all been a dreadful mistake. I have no peace. My art isn't enough. When I'm dancing and the spotlights are on me and I hear the applause, I think it is. But afterwards—when I'm tired and the elation and the virtue have gone out of me and I'm back in some lonely hotel room with a lot of bouquets for company, I know I've missed everything." She sighed and sipped and sighed again. Neither of them spoke for a minute; then Sandra said quietly:

"What *do* you want, Dolores?"

"I want a home and a husband, like every normal woman. I'd have liked a big family. After all, I'm a Latin. It's too late for that now. I'm thirty-seven next and I shan't last much longer as a dancer." She finished her drink in a gulp and tossed her head back. "But I'm going to get what I want this time." She was defiant. "This big Englishman shall marry me. He shall!" She banged her empty glass down on the table and Sandra jumped.

"And why shouldn't he?" she asked in a low voice. "Tell me why he shouldn't."

"Because he's married already and the proud father of a family." Dolores sounded scornful. "The men who want me are always married or else so young that they should be in their cradles with their nannies around to keep them out of mischief. Do you realise that in all my career I've not had one honest-to-God proposal of marriage? I've had other kinds of offers, and plenty. But never a proposal—that is, from anyone I call a man. Fat, rich stockbrokers, yes. And little college boys. But never a real man." She lit a cigarette from the end of the one she had just finished and puffed a smoke-ring into the air. "Oh, the stories I've listened to! The misunderstood men! The men whose wives were nothing to compare with me, but a fellow just couldn't let them down. The men who were going to get their divorce just almost any minute now. Oh, I hate 'em! I despise 'em! But, let's face it, I can't do without them. And I'll tell you one thing, my sweet Sandra—this big Englishman

is not going to get away. His wife took her children to England before the war. And that 's where she made her mistake. Well, she can have her children ! I shall have him ! "

" Is he in love with you ? " Sandra poured more whisky into the empty glass.

" You should see his letters ! " Dolores stretched an arm into her dressing-case and pulled out a bundle of letters tied in crimson velvet ribbon. " They 're not bad for an Englishman ! " She smiled a queer, lop-sided smile. " He wrote them on the North-West Frontier. I call them my ' Frontier Mail.' "

Sandra was fascinated. She felt impelled to hold out one hand for the letters and then dropped it on the arm of her chair. She had never met a woman like Dolores before.

" But what else do you know about this man ? " she said. " I mean, what have you in common ? I 'm interested. Really. From what you 've told me you sound such different people. You 're an artist. He 's—what is he ? "

" Oh, he 's a simple soldier man." Dolores shrugged her shoulders. " But not so simple, do you hear ? Not so simple. Under all that quietness and austerity and routine there 's something else. He knows beauty and he loves it. And I don't mean me." She laughed deep down in her throat again. " I mean he hears the poetry in the trees when the rain is on them, and he rejoices in the silver flecks in fishes' scales, and in the ripple of a field of wheat in the breeze, and the wheeling of hawks at sunset. He has the voice of a singer, and when he reads Shakespeare he makes you see all that is England. You see where her greatness comes from and her strength, and how it must be somehow that she 'll last for ever. He loves the common people. He loves simplicity and truth. And *I* have made him realise that this is the part of him that matters. *I* have done it. Not the wife who left him. That 's why he needs me."

Her voice, her face, everything about her changed and softened, just for the passing of a minute. But the hard mask returned—Sandra shivered and took her tweed coat from the hook on the bathroom door. Dolores seemed to have forgotten her existence. She had turned inwards to her dreams. She lay back among her little cream satin pillows and smoked and looked at the ceiling.

Sandra read the *Times of India* from beginning to end without taking in a word, and suddenly realised from the sound of regular breathing that Dolores was asleep. She pulled a couple of blankets over (*Continued on page 52*)

" Well ? " he said. " What are you going to do, Sandra ? " " Do ? " she repeated. " Why, nothing, except never leave you lonely any more "

Dublin. The Customs House and River Liffey. During the war Dublin lay under the same glow, half-glamorous, half-sinister, as Lisbon, Madrid and Istambul, islets of fantastic neutral quiet where friend and foe rubbed shoulders in restaurants and bars

What Is Going On In Ireland?

By C. Patrick Thompson

WHEN De Valera's man, Sean O'Kelly, won handsomely in the June triangular fight for the Eire Presidency—left vacant by the retirement of the 84-year-old founder of the Gaelic League, Dr. Douglas Hyde—I found some bewilderment at lunchtime in a famous old British club where the 63-year-old, New York-born, Spanish-Irish politico occupies the dog-house once tenanted by Joe Stalin in the latter's "this ain't our war" days.

Probably in kindred salons, boudoirs and bars there had been the same feeling that Churchill's famous radio slap, depicting the austere Premier of neutral Eire "frollicking" with the Japs and Germans, had put two, maybe three, spokes in that fellow's domestical political wheel.

True, the Eireans had voted him power for the sixth successive time, in the general election of May, 1944. But this time they'd surely see they had backed the wrong horse, and throw a majority vote to General Maceoin, who at least belongs to the anti-Valera Fine Gael (Conservative) party. One couldn't expect them to make the complete *volte face* needed to send the Independent Ulsterman, Dr. McCartan, to Arus an Uactarain, the House of the President (it's the old Viceregal Lodge in Phoenix Park) for a seven-year term. But it would be wonderful if they did.

I noted these reactions with surprise, until I remembered that through the war Eire has been one of the secret places. Occasionally a correspondent reached Dublin and brought back a story of juicy steaks and lighted streets, shop windows full of sherry, cognac and whisky flowing freely at pre-war prices. That capital lay under the same glow, half-glamorous, half-sinister, as Lisbon, Madrid and Istambul, islets of fantastic neutral quiet where friend and foe rubbed shoulders in restaurants and bars while the Global War raged outside. Queenstown, Bere Haven, and Lough Swilly, yielded by Britain when the Chamberlain regime appeased De Valera in 1938, following the six-years' economic war, were ports of mystery. Some said U-boats used them. Over all—twenty-six counties, 27,261 square miles, three million people—reigned a rebel who some years ago had resisted the British invaders and been sentenced to death for the crime: De Valera, now titled the Taoiseach, a gloomy dictator as remote as the Grand Lama.

Eamon De Valera, Prime Minister of the Irish Free State. Was as serious about neutrality as he is about every other public duty

De Valera inspects a guard of honour, prior to a parade of Local Defence Forces in Dublin. More than 200,000 volunteers joined up on "the emergency," but most went unarmed into the observer and coast-watching corps

Cutting peat in a Co. Clare bog. Owing to shortage of coal, which has to be imported, the Irish use peat for fuel for locomotives

That was the general picture. It was the rough outline in my own mind when an Eighth Air Force Dakota dropped me down on the Langford Lodge airport outside Belfast one day last autumn. Having done my journalistic job in the north, I proceeded south and checked on the picture. By the time I was through, topping off a month of observation and inquiry (*Continued on page* 68)

Beef for Britain. Shipping cattle to England. The Irish sold to Britain all their surplus food

Weird Trumpeters Of Beauty

Since the Primitive Glass-blower discovered the Blow-pipe, the Methods and the Tools he uses have scarcely altered

By

Jean Merrill Du Cane

Blowing a flask into a mould. Blowing glass is much like blowing soap bubbles in that only round shapes can be produced, so whenever any other shape is required the metal must be blown into a mould

Cutting the neck of a vase with glasshouse cutters —like outsize scissors—and the aid of a wooden bat

Reheating a vase in the furnace after the first shaping

THERE was ample justification before the war, when a dainty, modern Czech-made tumbler cost threepence and when the antique ideal in glassware centred on the Venetian style for believing that British craftsmanship in glass was as barren as that of music making. Only the more serious thinkers could appreciate that Britain had put Byrd and Blow before Bach and that the loveliest cathedral glass was blown in British glasshouses.

There is a kinship between the beauty of music and the more tangible loveliness of glassware and today the world can appreciate, now that the Central European glasshouses have been bombed out of existence, that out of the stygian darkness of glasshouses in these islands is coming artistic and utilitarian glassware better than ever blown by Continental craftsmen.

Since the primitive glass-blower discovered the blow-pipe the methods and tools have scarcely altered. The old and new are grotesquely mingled in the glasshouse. As forming anything made of glass must be achieved expeditiously a squad is organized.

Operatives work in groups called "sets" or "chairs," and are close together in a semicircle; notwithstanding their proximity to one another and the dangerous nature of the hot material they twirl about, rarely is one burned or injured.

The wizards work busily around the furnace-mouth blowing swiftly soft blobs into delicate sparkling shapes. Although sweat pours from the brows of the operatives and their cheeks are furrowed and twisted with exertion they go about their exhausting task with a rare nonchalance, talking and joking the while. They naturally are artists and men of taste. Each piece is an original invention of the human mind, accuracy of eye and sureness of touch, raising their craft to one of dignity. The blower, like a true artist, judges the proportions by his senses instead of relying on a measuring rule.

His output is alive; any apparent defects there may be speak of human fallibility. No manipulation of a conjurer could be more fantastic or dexterous to one who witnesses the art for the first time. The molten metal blossoms and swells on the end of the blow-pipe into flowers of purple, vermilion and sea-green lustre.

The men look like weird trumpeters. When they have blown a globe of glistening gossamer they set it on a turning wheel and fashion it into a thing of beauty. It all looks so easy that one is tempted to try, but all one is likely to get is a dirty lip, a breath of foul fumes, and scorched fingers.

There are still many foreign technical terms employed. The process of melting the batch is "founding," from the French word, "fondre"; the "kinney" is "coin," the corner of the furnace; the "foushart" is the fork, "fourchette," for conveying away the completed article from the gaffer; the "marver" is the slab, once of marble, hence the origin in "marbre," on which the blob is first rolled.

The glass-blower sits facing the furnace in a "chair" provided with two parallel arms sloping downwards towards the front; his tools are primitive in the extreme; his blowing "iron" consists of a simple length of iron tube about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch diameter and 42 inches in length, tapered at one end to form a mouthpiece. On this the molten metal is gathered from the pot and held while it is being shaped with the tools, which are U-shaped pieces of steel, the bands of which are flat in section, while the prongs are round and are of either wood or steel.

All the fashioning of shapes is done with these very simple

tools and the help of a wooden bat, the measurements being checked by callipers as the work proceeds.

The furnace is a dome-shaped structure circular in plan, with openings, eight or ten in most cases, in which stand the pots in which the glass is melted. The pots stand on the floor of the furnace, known as the "siege," in the centre of which is the fire generated from coal, which is introduced from the bottom

Glasses being examined for flaws and imperfections before proceeding to the cutting bench

(*On right*) *Operating a machine which cuts tumblers to the requisite shape*

below the level of the glasshouse. The batch of raw materials, with its admixture of cullet, is shovelled into the pot and left there for some forty-two hours to melt.

While the batch is being melted, or "founded," the mouth of the pot is closed with a fireclay stopper in order to prevent any unnecessary loss of heat. This is removed when the glass-blower comes to work and must have access to the molten metal.

The first thing the blower does is to "gather" a piece of metal on the end of his iron by dipping it into the pot and twisting it round in much the same way that one helps oneself to golden syrup with a spoon—incidentally the appearance of the metal is not unlike that of golden syrup.

When first gathered the lump of metal has an uneven corrugated surface, due to the way in which it has been collected from the pot; this the blower proceeds to smooth out and render symmetrical in shape by rolling it backward and forward on a plate of polished steel called a "marver"; this done he blows down his iron and produces a bubble the shape of which he can regulate by altering the position in which he holds his iron and the force with which he blows.

It is the bottom of every piece that is finished first, that which is farthest away from the end of the iron. Thus in making a wineglass it is the base of the bowl on to the centre of which is added the stem, on to which again in its turn is fixed the foot, this in the case of a blown foot consisting at this stage of a hollow ball which is opened out flat by the insertion of a prong or leg of the U-shaped tool. The foot having been fixed and opened it remains to open out and shape the top of the bowl, which the blower cracks off his iron by touching with the cold leg of his tool; holding it now by the leg with a pair of pincers he fixes the foot into the spring at the top of his "punty"; he then warms the rim of the unfinished bowl by holding it in the mouth of the pot and keeping it there till it is melted to a point at which it is soft enough to shear with a pair of scissors and bring to the exact shape required.

In much the same way that a foot and stem are added to the bowl of a wineglass, a foot is added to the body of a jug, only in this case it is generally cast on in the form of a solid lump of metal; similarly a handle is added after the body has been shaped and finished.

Blowing glass is much (*Continued on page* 58)

Making up a stained-glass window. The operator is cutting the various pieces of coloured glass to fit in the design

(*Below*) *Polishing a vase. This is the final process of all and is done on a cork wheel or one of stiff bristles, fed with a paste of putty powder, which brings up the surface of the glass to a condition of brilliance*

Solving The Impasse In India

By Sir William Barton, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.

TWO or three months ago the political atmosphere in India was heavily overclouded. The sense of frustration and bitterness arising from the apparently hopeless deadlock had developed almost to danger point among the supporters of the Hindu Congress and other Hindu sympathisers. British policy had left the solution of India's political problem to the Indians themselves. The growing tension between Hindus and Moslems, outcasts and caste Hindus, non-Brahmins and Brahmins, presented difficulties which seemed almost insuperable. Some leading politicians like Mr. Raj Gopalachari, Brahmin ex-Premier of the Madras

A procession of young girls who belong to the "army of monkeys." They go from house to house spreading Congress propaganda, wearing Congress badges and carrying the tri-coloured Indian National Flag

Congress Ministry, and Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, were endeavouring to placate the Moslems by offering them equality of powers in an interim government. Success seemed remote.

The intervention of the British Government was apparently inevitable. It is true that the frustration and bitterness caused by the deadlock were confined mainly to the Congress and other Hindus anxious to set up a Hindu Raj. The mental irritant in the case of these people was that they had to admit that they had empire in their grasp, and had let it escape them, because of the mistaken policy of the Congress High Command in throwing up office in the provinces in November 1939, and refusing to aid the Empire in the war. They had added to their difficulties by alienating the Moslems and the Princes and so making federation impossible. They knew too that they might have recovered the lost ground had they accepted the Cripps offer in March 1942. The desperate attempt to seize power by organized revolt two or three months later had failed. Congress was placed under a ban and the leaders interned.

Two years of inertia had still further weakened Congress influence and the appeal to the masses of their leader, Gandhi. Congress controls most of the Press in India. Their leading

An Indian fanatic coated with white pigment sits on a board of nails, and seeks alms during the Juggernaut procession at Puri

journals, impatient of delay, were endeavouring to galvanize the party into action. To give an example, the *Free Press Journal* in a recent article reflected the growing anxiety of Congressmen about the future. "Congress," said the newspaper, "has a soul and body to be saved; it is time Congressmen mustered courage to save the party from the total destruction that is facing it. This rot must stop." The *Hindustan Times*, owned by a big Hindu industrialist largely responsible for financing the Congress Party—the paper is edited by Gandhi's son—was moving in the same direction. A provisional government should, this paper thought, be framed. "Let a time limit be fixed within which the Indian parties should agree on a government; if they fail let the British Government frame a constitution incorporating in it safeguards for the minorities and enforce it." A new orientation indeed and in itself a confession of weakness.

Veteran Hindu statesmen such as Sir Chimanlal Setalvad and Dr. Khare, a former Congress Prime Minister and now a member of the Viceroy's council (*Continued on page* 61)

A Hindu saintly beggar who sits on one sandal for many hours and lets a monkey make a playground of his head. To the fanatical Hindu self-torture is a means of sanctification

AN American airman collapsed in utter exhaustion into a basket chair. For a moment neither Seed nor Luen Chi moved; they just stared at the inert man

The Island Sanctuary

A Triangle Drama In An Eastern Setting

By Holloway Horn

THE natives of Reay Island were very primitive, and the only white man in the island apparently shared their simple tastes. They called him Seed, so presumably his name was Sydney. His bungalow was reasonably commodious but otherwise he lived more or less as the natives did. He had come ashore from a Dutch tramp fifteen years before and stayed on with the American who ran the store at the time. Two years later, the American died, and Seed had, in the absence of anyone with a better claim, "inherited" the store and its contents—which didn't amount to much.

Up to the outbreak of the war in the Pacific, a steamer had called twice a year at Reay, landed trade goods and whisky and taken away the copra he had collected. For nearly a year, however, the island had been completely isolated from the outside world and sometimes, as he listened to the news on the Australian radio, Seed, a philosopher in his way, felt that it was just as well—although his supply of whisky was exhausted. As far as he could gather, the nearest Japs were seven hundred miles away, which, even in the Pacific, is quite a distance. Then the last battery gave out and the island was cut off from all news.

His servant was a Chinese called Luen Chi, who looked about sixty, and was an excellent cook.

Apart from cutting off the half-yearly steamer, the war hardly touched Reay Island. Very occasionally they saw a plane a great way off, and once a crowd of them passed high overhead. Sometimes, in the night, they heard one, like an uneasy ghost from another world.

They had, indeed, heard the plane that evening when Paul Holwell staggered on to the veranda in front of the store. The brief tropical twilight was rapidly deepening into night and Luen Chi had just lit the kerosene lamp.

He was an American airman and collapsed in utter exhaustion into a basket chair.

For a moment neither Seed nor Luen Chi moved; they just stared at the inert man.

"Rum!" said Seed, coming to himself.

He forced the neat spirit between Holwell's lips.

"I needed that," gasped the American.

"Take things easy," said Seed, "I'm English."

"Good!" the American said as he sat up, and added: "I

don't want a nearer shave than that."

"What happened?" Seed asked.

"The engine of my plane conked and I baled out . . . a mile or so away. And I'm not the best swimmer in the world."

"Lucky we were here," grinned Seed. "Have some more rum?"

"Thanks. You haven't any whisky?"

"Not a spot. Sorry! And it's trade rum. You're a long way from home?"

"Yep. This is Reay Island, isn't it? When the engine trouble started I made for it."

"What about grub?" suggested Seed. "Luen Chi . . . a curry. Get a move on there."

"Any Japs here?"

"No."

"Good. I'm afraid I'm stuck here for a bit."

"We can put you up. Glad to have you."

"God knows when they'll come for me. Or *if* they'll come for me. Probably write me off as a total loss."

"Let's wait and see. Someone'll come sooner or later."

"You the trader here?"

Seed nodded. He was dressed like a native, his skin tanned by the tropic sun. "You'd better get out of those wet clothes," he said. "I can lend you some ducks of mine. We're near enough of the same size. The Chink will press your uniform when he's dried it."

"Thanks a lot. Sorry to be a nuisance."

The spirit had revived Holwell and he was looking around him with interest.

"Any other white people here."

Seed shook his head.

"Bit lonely?"

"I don't know. Suits me. Been here fifteen years."

"All through this war?"

Again Seed nodded.

THE resources of the bungalow were strained to their utmost but Holwell was made comfortable. Luen Chi, moreover, produced an excellent curry. An hour after the meal, Holwell dropped into an uneasy sleep—he was obviously near exhaustion—and when at length he awoke a bed was ready for him in what had once been the American trader's bedroom.

He slept until daylight and, after he had bathed in the sea, appeared to be none the worse for his adventure.

Seed found the American extremely personable. Holwell was about thirty, came from San Francisco, and was friendly and talkative. But there was little for him to do on the island except bathe—an occupation with obvious limitations. The only book on the island was a ten-year-old price list of a Sydney firm, and the wireless set without a battery was useless.

"You don't happen to have a razor?" Holwell inquired the second evening.

"Several . . . but no soap. We haven't seen a ship for quite a while."

"Then I must let my beard grow."

They were sitting on the veranda, watching the sun go down in a mass of shimmering colour: "This must be one of the loveliest places in the world," the American said, as if he were thinking aloud, and the trader noticed a strange quality in his voice.

"I suppose beauty's something," Seed said, doubtfully.

"The place must have satisfied you."

"In a way it has. I landed here fifteen years ago and I've never left the island. And now I don't suppose I ever shall."

"Funny to think of a life without

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

A PRETTY situation . . . there was Brown, sloppily in love, determined to give the girl her chance—there was Cora quietly mistress of the situation and secretly amused. And Smith . . . who had met Cora before

money," remarked Holwell airily.

"Money," echoed Seed. "This island's one of the few places where money doesn't count at all. Money and women seem to make up life as I remember it. And now war. Money, women and war. You're welcome to it."

"The native women seem . . ." Holwell hesitated.

"Poisonous," the trader put in. "And stupid. More like Australian aborigines than the Island folk are usually. The men aren't quite so bad, when you get to know them."

"You don't miss women?"

"Not now. I'll tell you a story if you care to listen which explains . . . things.

"It's a long time ago—just after my war. There were two men. Shall we call them Smith and Brown?"

"Why not? They're good names," the American smiled. "Surely there's a woman in the story as well?"

"You're right. There is. Goodness knows what her real name was. She was a dancer and could sing a bit but that wasn't all her accomplishments. Ever been to Malabaya?"

"No."

"It's in Sumatra. Suppose the Japs are there now. She was at Caproni's Café, the one overlooking the harbour. Cora she called herself—just Cora."

"That's Smith and Brown and Cora," said the American.

"I'm telling this yarn all cockeyed. She doesn't come in until later. Those two chaps were running a store at a place called Maikon thirty miles or so up country. They'd both had a thin time, both had wandered about a bit, tried this and that without making much of a do with anything. Things weren't too easy just after the war, as you may have read in the history books."

Holwell grinned.

"But at last," his host went on, "they seemed to have struck lucky. They'd taken the store over when it was almost derelict and had got together a decent stock and were really making money. Smith had got a girl at home—anyway she still wrote to him but he hadn't seen her in quite a while. The idea was that she would come out to Maikon. Pretty vague, I suppose, but it kinda kept Smith more or less on the rails."

The American nodded.

"As the weeks went by they were doing very well indeed. They'd started a bank account in Malabaya. Most weekends one or other went into the town, combining business with pleasure, as you might say. Brown was very often a bit the worse for wear when he got back and it usually took him a day or so to get over it. Booze was about the only cheap thing along the coast in those days and when Brown drank, he *drank*. The two partners were never in Malabaya together.

"The boom days were on the way and for the first time in their lives the two men were making real money. Smith took out a photo of the little girl in London and stuck it on the shelf in the sitting-room behind the store. Fair hair, she'd got. And pretty. It was difficult to see her there in that bungalow, of course, but the swelling banking account had sort of put it on the map. And as Smith pointed out, the place wasn't too bad. There were two bedrooms and a biggish lounge with a veranda: the store and warehouse were at the end. And as much help—mainly Chinese—as you wanted."

"Pretty hot there?" the American asked.

"'Bout the same as this. Bit hotter in summer and there was no air-conditioning then—anyway not in Maikon. But the possibility of getting the little girl out there grew on Smith and he began to cut out his fortnightly excursions to Malabaya.

"This suited Brown, because one of them had to go and he was always willing. They had an old Ford van and Smith was afraid that his partner would pile it up but he always got back safely on Monday morning with the trade goods he'd picked up at the wholesalers.

"One Monday morning, Brown turned up cold sober and without a trace of the morning after. Smith, of course, noticed it and was inclined to pull his leg: 'There's other things in life except booze,' Brown replied shortly and Smith let it go at that.

"The next week it was the same. Brown seemed very quiet but that afternoon he raised Cain with the Chink who was supposed to keep the store and the bungalow clean, with the result that the place seemed unnaturally tidy when the two men sat down to their evening meal. He'd brought back new tablecloths and linen and vases and what not.

"Then it all came out. Brown—Brown, mind you!—was getting married."

"Smith watched his partner in silence before he said: 'Who is she?'

"'I'm not saying anything until she's my wife. She's a good woman—whatever people may say. She's had a hard life and I'm going to give her a chance.'

"'You'll bring her out here?'

"'Why not? You've often pointed out that the place divides into two easily. We can share this room, of course.'

"'I see,' said Smith doubtfully. 'Depends a lot on the girl, of course.'

"'Would you mind if I went into town again next week-end? After that you can go as often as you want. I shall stick here after I'm married.'

"'Sure,' said Smith. 'You bringing her back next Monday?' he asked doubtfully.

"'Yep,' said Brown. And there was nothing much that Smith could say.

"That week the place was scrubbed and polished and by the Friday it was all okay. Brown, full of beans, went off in the Ford leaving Smith, as you can imagine, in a very doubtful state of mind. After all, whatever Brown said, the presence of another woman in the bungalow seemed to push the little girl in London right out of the picture.

"But he played the game and got in flowers to put in the vases Brown had bought, and so on. And on the Monday, Brown, still full of beans and cold sober, turned up with his bride in the Ford.

"It was Cora.

"'Well . . . here we are,' said Brown. 'Cora tells me she's met you.'

"Smith didn't show what he was thinking and shook hands with Mrs. Brown.

"She was a very lovely woman, dark, with big dark eyes. Greek, she said, and she possibly had some Greek blood in her. Probably Turkish as well. She said how nice the place looked and Brown beamed over everything. He was in love with her—head over heels, past all reasoning.

"'I'm afraid you'll find it a bit lonely out here,' Smith said.

"'Good! I'm tired of crowds,' she replied.

"Well, that was that. For the rest of the day Smith went about his work and left them to themselves. He was worried. Cora's statement that she had met him was true. Now, I'm not pretending that Smith was out of a stained-glass window—he was a white man in the tropics—and the little girl in London was a damned long way away. Yes . . . he'd met Cora all right. She couldn't have been pleasanter. At supper that night she said they were her two best pals and Smith caught a flash in her dark eyes as she said it. A pretty situation . . . there was Brown, sloppily in love, determined to give the girl her chance—there was Cora quietly mistress of the situation and secretly amused. And Smith . . . who had met Cora before and knew more about her than any man in love with her ever could know.

"Presently she noticed the picture of the little girl in London on the shelf.

"'Who is she?' she asked.

"'A friend of mine,' said Smith.

"'How sweet!' Cora said—just like that. She was a cat if ever a woman was.

"Smith saw that it couldn't go on, that he had to get out. Cora would be all right for a week or so, and then there would be a bust-up. She just couldn't run straight—she was that type. To think of her settling down to a humdrum existence with one man was childish.

"THE next morning he told Brown that he was going. Brown was upset and tried to argue with him, but he'd made up his mind. And that same evening he went. Brown drove him into town and the last thing Smith saw of Cora was her dark smile as she sat on the veranda watching him go. And so he faced life again with a couple of hundred quid in his pocket case."

Holwell waited as if he expected his host to continue: "It certainly seems a bad break for Smith," he said. "But you can't help admiring Brown. After all, whatever she had been, he was giving her a chance. Seems to me that the little girl in London came off worst in the deal."

His host nodded.

"The more I think it out, the more I'm inclined to blame Smith," Holwell said judicially. "Even if—as you put it—he had met Cora before . . . there was no reason why he should forget that she was his pal's wife."

"You didn't know Cora."

"There's good in every woman, even the worst of them," Holwell said stubbornly.

"So I've heard. But I say again that you never knew Cora."

"But I've met her type. It's a very interesting problem deciding who was to blame for the smash . . . I gather that it was a smash as far as Smith was concerned?"

"I've told you what happened."

"Where Smith went wrong was in assuming that the girl wouldn't run straight. Frankly, my money's on the other fellow, Brown. He gave the girl a chance. I can picture the café place—Caproni's, you called it. To rescue a girl from that was a fine thing to do."

"Listen!" said the trader suddenly. "A plane!"

Holwell leapt to his feet and dashed out to the veranda. "It's heading this way," he said excitedly.

The speck grew larger: the noise of the engine louder. It circled round the island before it dropped gently into the placid lagoon. It was an American seaplane.

"I've got a native (*Continued on page 67*)

AS far as he could gather, the nearest Japs were seven hundred miles away, which even in the Pacific, is quite a distance. Then the last battery gave out and the island was cut off from all news

At the head of Airedale, showing some of the country traversed by isolated groups of Prince Charles' men after the retreat from Derby

Two Hundred Years Ago

Memories of the "Forty-Five"

By G. Bernard Wood

A TRADITION that Bonnie Prince Charlie scattered the seed of the convolvulus on the Scottish Isle of Eriskay (for some commemorative purpose?) is only one many romantic fragments that continue to ir the imagination around that dashing, if ill-urred, figure. It is just 200 years since he made s bid for the English throne; as the '45 Rebellion e affair is now text-book matter, but dozens towns and country places in the North have eir own fascinating, homely footnotes to this iting page of history.

On the roadside between erth and Blairgowrie there an amazing beech hedge, ft. high, which stretches r about three-quarters of a nile, incorporating something ike 600 trees. It is known as the Meikleour Beech Hedge and two stories are recounted locally to explain its origin. According to one story, the men who were planting the hedge got news of Prince Charlie's venture and hastened off to his support. Presumably some of them resumed their afforestation efforts here, later, sadder but wiser men.

Other raconteurs, however, assert that it was a dyke that was being made, by the roadside, when news of the Prince's followers massing for Culloden beckoned the workers from their unfinished task; later, perhaps through shortage of labour, the beech hedge was substituted for the dyke.

The anxiety of those times is reflected in many local annals.

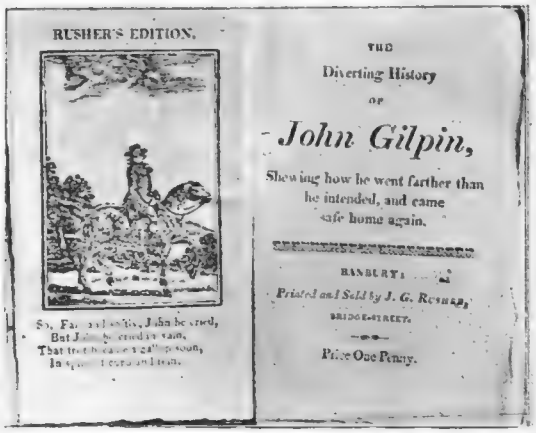
Work on Doncaster's Mansion House, a fine classical building designed by James Paine and begun in 1744, was suspended a year later because of the imminent Scottish invasion. From York—while Prince Charles was heading victoriously southwards—Archbishop Herring wrote to a friend: "God grant that I may feed my swans in peace." This did not prevent his Grace from stirring himself. When the news of Prestonpans came through, he preached a powerful sermon in the Minster and supplemented this effort, two days later, with an appeal in the Castle Yard which resulted in the formation of four Companies of "Yorkshire Blues" and in raising over £30,000 for a defence fund. His reward came two years later, when he was elevated to the See of Canterbury.

York was suspected of harbouring not a few Jacobites, among whom was Dr. John Burton; (*Continued on p.* 62)

The Long Gallery at Temple Newsam, near Leeds. The medallion portraits of George II. and twelve members of his family which adorn the plaster ceiling, are a memorial of the part that Henry, seventh Viscount Irwin, as Lord Lieutenant of East Riding, played in the suppression of the Rebellion

Micklegate Bar, York. The display of traitors' heads on the turrets was a hoary custom. Was last used for this purpose after the Battle of Culloden, when two traitors' heads were spiked and remained for eight years

ENGLAND'S MOST POPULAR HORSEMAN


RUSHER'S EDITION.

THE
Diverting History
OF
John Gilpin,
Shewing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again.

BANBURY:
Printed and Sold by J. G. Rusher,
BRIDGE-STREET.

Price One Penny.

(Left) One of Rusher's famous Banbury Chap-books. John, looking young and handsome, is not yet committed to the hazards of the gallop, though the set of the horse's ears suggests its evil intent

A curious coloured engraving which tells the story in a series of spirited little vignettes. These are grouped round the central subject, which shows the ride at the height of its frenzy

Cruikshank has been careful to include "My sister and my sister's child, myself and children three" in the group on the balcony. This is one of the six woodcuts executed by this artist to an 1828 issue of the poem.

One of the few pictures showing the interior of the linen-draper's shop. Mrs. Gilpin is as pretty as John is middle-aged and portly.

THE EXPLOITS OF JOHN GILPIN

BY H. T. KIRBY

MANY famous horsemen have ambled, trotted or galloped their way through the pages of English literature. Dick Turpin seems to have been the long-distance champion, even though the exertions of the London to York journey killed his faithful Black Bess. Mr. Winkle, amongst his other sporting activities, essayed horse-riding, but his success was not conspicuous. A certain Devonshire man named John Pearce achieved some notoriety by loaning his mare to multiple (and simultaneous) riders, whilst the fairest equestrienne must undoubtedly have been the beautiful Godiva, who, it will be recalled, took a most unusual tour through the streets of ancient Coventry. There seems little doubt, however, that the most popular horseman yet recorded was John Gilpin, whose heroic exploits are so inimitably retailed by Cowper. Gilpin was, in the first place, so typically English. Even though a "train band captain," he was, as a jockey, unaccomplished beyond belief, and yet—after being bumped and jostled for many weary miles (and losing not only his fine cloak, hat and wig, but also the precious bottles with the "curling ears" in the process)—he still clings most tenaciously to his steed. Like a flash he is taken past the appetising smells of the waiting luncheon at the "Bell" and on to Ware. Yet even here (when most men would have been half-dead with exhaustion) he can still gasp out a merry quip to his friend the Calender. But this was not all. On the outward journey he was mistaken for a wager-rider, which was bad; on the inward gallop, however, he was chased as a thief, which was infinitely worse. Yet John survived everything and came up smiling. His imperturbability is the keynote

In this coloured engraving, which appeared in the "Leisure Hour" of 1863, John has lost both stirrups and reins, and retains his hold only by clasping, in sheer desperation, the animal's neck

An early coloured engraving showing much detail. In view of the Inn sign (which is that of a human-faced crescent moon) it cannot be the "Bell," which is intended

An original sketch for one of Caldecott's illustrations to his "John Gilpin" Picture Book. John's consternation is well pictured, and the geese flying in all directions suggest the fury of the gallop

A very early and quaint engraving of the Ride. The post-boy is just emerging from the door, apparently acting on Mrs. Gilpin's instructions, to rescue her husband

Stothard's illustration shows "six gentlemen upon the road" who have joined the post-boy in the chase. The landlord of the "Bell," bottle in hand and napkin over arm, has come out to watch events.

of the poem, and we like to imagine that the characteristics he displayed were peculiarly English.

John Gilpin was published (anonymously) in 1782, but it was by no means at once a "best-seller." Indeed, although the verse is infectious enough, its popularity was not thoroughly established until the artist was called in to detail, more graphically perhaps than print alone could do, the exciting adventures of Gilpin. Chap-books, at one period the main literature of people not educated enough to appreciate higher flights of fancy, were once issued in large quantities, and it was at Banbury (whose market was, and still is, famous) that John Gilpin appeared in this form. The illustration reproduced gives an excellent idea of such publications. It will be agreed that the horse, laying back its ears, has an evil look, but John appears far too young to have been married "twice ten tedious years."

Probably the earliest dated engraving is that by Collings, issued in 1784 and shown here. John is depicted in full flight passing the "Bell." Although both hat and wig have gone and the precious bottles are broken, the fine red cloak is still retained. Reins have been discarded and the rider clutches the horse's mane in desperation. Mrs. Gilpin and party gesticulate from an upstairs window of the inn, but John is far too much engaged to observe their agitation. (*Continued on p.* 61)

Nature's Armoured Brigade

By Frank W. Lane

FEW creatures go through life better protected against their foes than tortoises and their relatives, the sea-living turtles and the fresh-water terrapins. Encased in heavy armour above and below, with mailed head and well-protected limbs, they are safe from the great majority of creatures that might otherwise be tempted to attack them.

WHO SAID SOUP? A young Eastern painted turtle

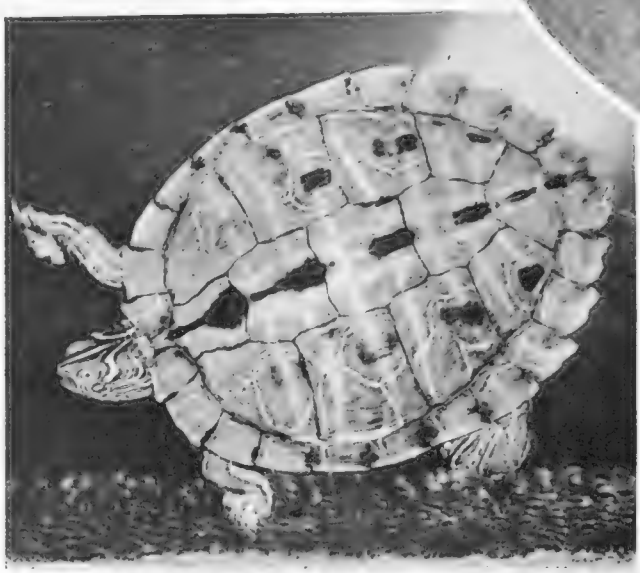
(Below.) A PERFECT CAMOUFLAGE: a Northern diamond-back terrapin or fresh-water turtle

WHO DID THIS TO ME? A Kemp's turtle in a capsized position

But even so, chelonians, as scientists call this well-armoured trio, have their deadly foes. Giant alligators will sometimes attack turtles when they are swimming, and their great jaws shear through the carapace and almost chop the turtle in half. Another foe is the eagle, which will sometimes seize a small tortoise, carry it aloft to a considerable height, and then, like a bombing 'plane releasing its bombs, send the tortoise hurtling down, often on to a rock. This drastic treatment generally shatters the tortoise's shell and provides a succulent meal for the eagle. Legend has it that the poet Æschylus was killed when an eagle mistook his bald head for a white rock!

All chelonians are born from eggs, but they are different from those of birds. The shells looks like parchment and can often be pressed in with the fingers. Some turtles lay enormous clutches, and well over a hundred have been laid at a "sitting."

The eggs are buried, in sand or earth, and carefully covered over. The mother then leaves the "nest" and takes no further interest in her brood. The heat of the sun hatches the eggs and the tiny chelonians fight their way out of the imprisoning shells, scramble out of the nest and begin their battle for life. And it is a battle, for they are then extremely vulnerable (as well as tasty to the palate!), and hosts of young chelonians die within a few hours of leaving the nest.



NOT THE OVER-ARM STROKE: A Mississippi map turtle swimming in a tank

But if they can manage to grow into adult animals they are well in the running to win Nature's Old Age stakes. Small turtles, which when full-grown would scarcely cover your hand, have been known to live more than forty years in captivity, and there is reasonable evidence that (*Continued on page* 64)

Enchanted Hour

Sixty Minutes Of Romantic Anxiety

By B. L. Jacot

SHE raised the hat out of the tissue, and before the mirror she pressed it firmly against her newly-done hair. Her eyes steadied, slightly raised against the reflection of herself . . . Mary Ainsworth, D.Sc.

WHEN she got out of the taxi her hand trembled so she could scarcely manage the clip of her bag. "You're behaving like a schoolgirl!" she told herself. "You're making an exhibition of yourself!"

She could hardly wait to get up into the tiny flat on the seventh floor. "There you'll be at home, won't you?" something kept saying, prompting as if there were two entirely distinct and separate Mary Ainsworths. "*There*, you'll be you. You'll see what you *really* look like. At your age!"

A queer taut little line pulled at her lips as she let herself into the flat. Things happened like this, madly, inexplicably—didn't they? Why *shouldn't* this be what she had been waiting for for so long?

In her bedroom over the tops of the trees in the Park, she raised the hat out of the tissue, and before the mirror she pressed it firmly against her newly-done hair. Her eyes steadied, slightly raised against the reflection of herself . . . Mary Ainsworth, D.Sc., aged twenty-nine. A warm flush came to her cheeks. "It's me!" she said. "*Me!* I'm young. I'm different."

The flaming poinsettia—the soft veiling—the high-riding upswept bow at the back.

Then, suddenly, she saw her eyes harden and in the look that came back at her was something she had seen in others when they meant, but did not say: "You're making a fool of yourself!"

And she was back again. Wondering. Since she awoke she had been flying between some deep instinct that carried her in a daze of happiness into the clouds, and the cold, sober realization that in real life things did not happen like this.

SHE took off the hat and sat on the bed. Only yesterday? Only last night? It seemed ageless, something that was without Time. Fantastic. Everyday life had nothing to do with the magic of things such as this.

And it had come on her without warning. She was thinking now of how, on her way back from the Laboratories, she had dropped in at Professor Lansbury's home to leave papers he had asked for and, finding a party, she had shied away from it. For perhaps a couple of minutes Sheila Lansbury had kept her talking, then she left. All the time *he* was there, somewhere in

the long white room beyond the hall where she had stood, fidgeting to be away. A man she had never seen, never thought of.

Fate took him up and moved him. He came out of the flat while she waited for the lift, fumbling with his untidy hat, making an awkward farewell, and they went down in the same lift. He was as embarrassed as she. "If you're taking a taxi," he said, "let me get one for you."

"I live quite near," she told him. "Just across the Park."

After that, he looked at her queerly, trying to round the awkward corner, she thought, of an impending second farewell. "If he only knew!" she told herself. "I'm just as gauche as he is." He lingered on the pavement outside, peeking at her shyly—yet, frowning hard. His face was lean, with harsh lines.

"Forgive me!" he managed at length. "Would you mind terribly if I walked across the Park with you? I'd very much like it, if you didn't mind." The harshness went out of his face when he smiled.

She looked up at him swiftly. "Of course."

"Mrs. Lansbury tells me you're a research chemist?"

"I've been one for seven years," she said.

He was looking away and she noticed his ears were red. "I had a queer feeling from the moment I first saw you standing in the hall that I wanted to talk to you," he said quickly. "Please don't be offended! I've never felt like this before."

She looked at him then appraisingly for the first time. Tall, rather gangling, with untidy blond hair and a nervous, scholarly look. "Why should I be offended?" she demanded.

He met her eye hesitantly. "I wouldn't want you to be, I guess. That's why I worried. I'm a chemist, too, back in Montreal. I was at McGill, and I suppose I've never had much time for—well, the dalliances and polite talk. I never thought you'd be an intellectual. I mean looking young and the way you do."

Young, she thought. Looking the way I do! If he only knew that the only men who haven't shied away from my alleged intellect for years are absent-minded old men who want to talk about bacteria.

They discussed jobs until they reached a new block of flats rising like a cliff over the trees. "This is where I live," she told him. And then a peculiar thing happened. For a moment he looked at her, then he took her arm, and they were walking back towards Kensington Gardens with the September sun slanting through the trees.

FROM then on it did not make sense. Ages later, it seemed, he told her: "I expect it would make you laugh, but I've never behaved like this before. Never found anyone I wanted to talk with—or maybe I've always been just plain scared."

Illustrations by W. Smithson-Broadhead

THEY were walking back towards Kensington Gardens with the September sun slanting through the trees. "I feel," he said slowly, "that I've known you for years. It's a queer feeling I've had since I first saw you"

"You were brought up by a mother who was a widow," she told him, knowing it in some queer way. "You were her only child and very fond of her."

"She was the grandest lady. Scraped to see me through college. It's been kind of lonely since she died."

"With me," she said, "it was my father. I thought the world had come to an end when he died."

"I feel," he said slowly, "that I've known you for years. It's a queer feeling I've had since I first saw you. That all this has happened before. I hope you don't think I'm fresh."

Fresh? Even then she knew something very unusual had happened to her.

The sun had finally set and darkness was wiping out the silhouette of Kensington Palace when he took her to a restaurant at the Marble Arch. "You and I," he told her, "are like two threads in a tapestry, starting in far corners, but brought by the pattern closer and closer until they meet and intertwine. Two colours, forming a predestined part in the design of Life. Threads that touch for a moment to play their part in destiny. Does that sound too crazy?"

Later they were walking again, this time in St. James's Park, with Whitehall, foreign-looking under a young moon. "There's little enough we know about Life," he said. "But that we're here proves one thing. In the beginning of Time, in some warm pool, a fragment of Life began its evolution through millions of years to *you*. Somewhere a second fragment was evolving—*me*. Theirs was the job of handing on Life from generation to generation until—here we are. You and me!"

"It sounds," she told him, "simply frightful."

The theatre crowds in the West End were out then. They had supper at a restaurant in the Strand, walked home to Bayswater, crossing the parks afresh. She lost count of time. Some enchantment had come, taking her out of the current of everyday life.

"I'd like to reach up and get you a star," he told her. "Green stars to bring you emeralds. Fiery stars to make rubies for your ears. If I could only reach for the moon it should be yours to-night . . ."

TOGETHER they wandered and soft magic set the night apart as London slept around them. "Something has happened to me," he said, "that I thought never could happen. I want to walk right on out of Time—with you. You must think I'm crazy. Maybe I am. I'm thirty-four, but I've only just started to live."

"Threads in the tapestry touching," she told him, with an ache in her heart, "and I think I'm crazy, too."

In the early hours she rode the lift up to her tiny flat under the roof—under the emerald stars, leaving him a forlorn and ghostly figure in the empty street outside.

How could there be common sense about this? How can magic be measured? The little room—her books, the reading lamp, the bright water-colours, had a clearness of outline, a brightness that was never there before. The familiar things smiled back at her meaning something they had never meant before. Hers, and they belonged to the magic. The new life that had come. Common sense?

That night she had slept on a cloud, wrapped close in the knowledge that at 12.15 they were to meet for luncheon at the Ritz. In the morning she woke to a half-conscious feeling of wonderful things, like a child on its birthday morning . . .

Then came a warning stab, probing the enchantment. A grown man saying the childish things he had said about the stars . . . walking aimlessly for hours . . . with someone he had only just met. "He's lying awake in his bed now," Common Sense insisted, "regretting it. He was lonely and carried away by the moment. Men don't mean these things!"

But she knew he meant it. She knew that with herself whatever had come, had come to stay. "He meant it!" she told herself. "He did! He did!"

"What do you know of him? What? Why, you don't even know his name!"

With a start she realized it was true. She did not know his name. "I can find out who he is from the Lansburys."

"*He just dropped in at the Lansburys; he's on his way back to Canada; they probably don't know him from Adam.*"

Panic took her then, but she bathed and dressed and ate her breakfast. Then, on a sudden determination, she cashed a large cheque and took herself shopping. "I'm going to look my best!" she told herself, defiantly. "I'm going to make the very *very* best of myself." And she did.

But all the time some realistic instinct said: "You're not going to keep an appointment that *he's* ashamed to keep."

AND now as she sat on her bed she knew that the crisis was past. In half an hour it would be 12.15 p.m., and she would not be there.

"Mary Ainsworth," she said, "you took a First in the Science Tripos—don't be romantic. Take off these stupid clothes and get into your work tweeds. Go to work. Off to the laboratories."

She looked at the electric clock. Twenty minutes. In twenty minutes he might be there, waiting for her, hoping against hope. . . .

In front of the mirror she put on the hat, powdered, and touched up her lips to match the poinsettia. The door

man snapped up a taxi and she said: "The Ritz! Quickly."

But when she arrived she could not bring herself to push through the swing doors. "He won't be there!" something kept repeating. "It will break your heart. Waiting . . . watching hope die."

SHE went inside and a wild glance told her he was not in the foyer with its encircling balcony. Then she saw the clock. She was seven minutes too early. An idea came to her. She turned up the wide stairs behind the reception counter and found a table behind the palms on the balcony. Here she could watch the doors without being seen. Perhaps he would look in and hurry out—relieved that she had not taken him seriously. "He won't show up at all," something warned.

Behind the palms she waited and watched. A dozen times she thought she saw him and her heart beat up into her throat, but the clock over the reception desk moved on. Twelve-thirty . . . twelve-forty . . . in a few minutes one o'clock. In anguish she waited. "I'll leave at one," she told herself. But at one she waited another ten minutes.

Then she got up from the table and made her way down the stairs. Her knees felt weak, her hands cold as ice. In place of her heart was an emptiness she knew now would never be filled with anything warm and human. "Whoever you are, and wherever you are," she said, "I thought you'd come. *I thought you'd come!*"

Something tight at the back of her eyes prevented her seeing things clearly. She bumped into an old man, who apologised profusely. She reached the swing doors. "Now," she thought, "you must pull yourself together, Mary Ainsworth! Now if ever!"

She was thinking of her father, and what he would think.

THEN—an arm swung her round and fingers clamped over hers. For an ageless moment she could not see, then she saw it was he. She heard him talking to her, but like a fool she could not grasp what he was saying. Then he was walking with her over the thick carpets, through the throng, and the smell of perfume and Havana cigars.

"I thought you would change your mind," he was saying. "My Dearest! I thought you wouldn't come, so I hid at the side door, watching the entrance for you to come."

She looked across the table and saw what was in his eyes. "I came," she said. "Some day I'll tell you how." And her heart was singing as she smiled.

END

THEN she got up from the table and made her way down the stairs. Her knees felt weak, and her hands cold as ice

The radiance of young beech leaves in Sherwood Forest, Nottinghamshire. (Left) The Glory of the Woodlands

The Glory Of The Trees

By C. A. Stevenson

AS a nation we are fervent admirers of trees. Their friendly presence is a solace and an inspiration. Through the centuries, too, they have figured gloriously in British history: men like Blake, Nelson and Francis Drake sailed in ships once fashioned from great forest oaks. Today, however, our trees, so supremely vital to the war effort, are applied to less spectacular use. In peace time over 90 per cent of our timber requirements was imported but now, to save shipping space, our woodlands must furnish the nation's every need.

These islands, once so densely wooded, have suffered ruthless deforestation down the ages. To subdue evasive tribes the Romans devastated vast forest tracts; and throughout medieval times, as husbandry progressed, more and more woodland was surrendered to the plough. Countless trees, too, especially during Elizabethan days, were felled for domestic and other building purposes; whilst, over many years, wood was consumed in enormous quantities for fuel. Had not Parliament intervened when Sussex iron-smelting flourished during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries every tree in south-eastern England might have gone to feed the furnaces of the Weald.

Yet twice within the last thirty years, despite bygone destruction, our woodlands have sustained the nation through periods of unparalleled danger. During the first world war 450,000 acres of timber were sacrificed. Fortunately, in 1919, the Forestry Commission was formed, and, when, twenty years later, the second exigency occurred all arrangements for milling machinery and tractor-transport had, with admirable foresight, been duly effected. Then, to the aid of the Motherland, came lumbermen from Newfoundland, New Zealand and other dominions; also key men in the timber milling industry overseas. To equip and supply mighty armies abroad, to maintain coal production at home and for innumerable other wartime needs a prodigious amount of timber is required. These expert bushmen, together with our own skilled woodmen and forestry girls, have been, and are, expeditely delivering it. The bulk of the timber now being used is from private woodlands, but the Forestry Commission's plantations are yielding a significant quota.

In its ambitious fifty years' plan the (*Continued on page 56*)

The Scots pine possesses a handsome trunk, which attains a great height

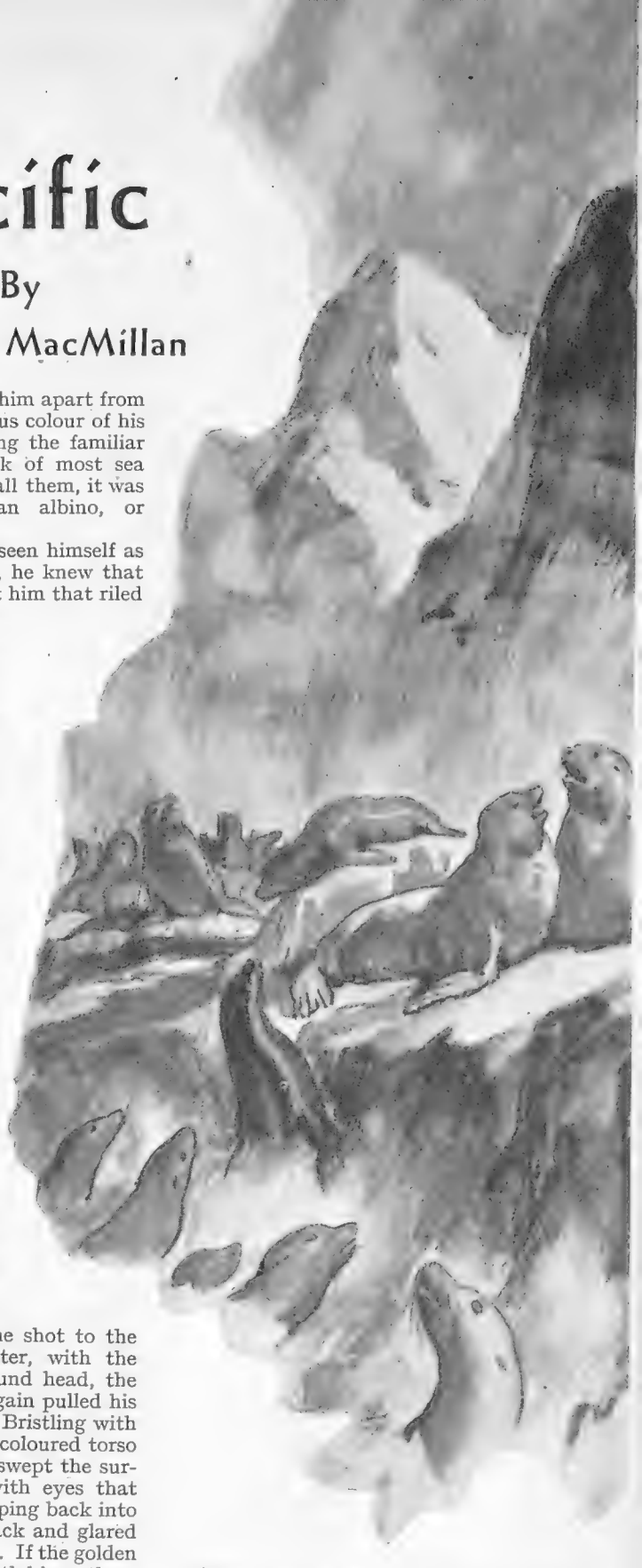
The trunk of the beech shines in various shades of silvery-grey

Few boles are more picturesque than that of the silver birch

Bull of the Pacific

The Adventures of a Young Seal on his Journey to the Breeding Grounds

By William MacMillan



OUT-WEIGHED and out-gunned by the crotchety old bull seal that had suddenly appeared from nowhere the young seal fell back on his two principal weapons—speed and strategy. In the face of the veteran's superior tonnage and armament, however, even these seemed pitifully inadequate. Fortunately, realizing in time that his very life hung in the balance, for deadly hatred smouldered in the greybeard's blood-shot eyes, he turned a double somersault right under the scarred nose and raked the big bully's bulging chest with his strong blunt teeth as he shot past on an inside turn.

Callo, to give him but a fraction of his long Latin name, *Callotaria ursina*, was a peppery young fur seal bull of the Pacific and Aleutian Seas, and though his harem-collecting proclivities had yet to be tested, six years of ultra-strenuous life on his own had developed to the *n*th degree all the things that go to make the fur seal one of the most remarkable mammals in all seven seas.

To begin with, he must have weighed close to 475 pounds, had a chest expansion, if you could call it that, of over 5 feet, and measured all of six feet from nose to tail. And though his shoulders were powerfully built, there were no juts or angles to his streamlined chassis; it was as smooth and sleek as a steel torpedo, and ended in a perfectly round head with protruding eyes, long stiff whiskers, and short powerful jaws.

Notwithstanding these rather personal details, Callo was really just the dead spit of 2,999,000 other fur seals quartering the wide reaches of the Pacific at that moment. What really set him apart from them all was the outrageous colour of his thick fur. Instead of being the familiar chestnut brown and black of most sea bears, as some folk still call them, it was the bright orange of an albino, or freak.

Though he hadn't ever seen himself as others saw him, of course, he knew that there was something about him that riled and offended his kinsfolk. Not only had his mother suddenly turned her back on him and let him shift for himself, but all the young seals for miles around had promptly proceeded to push him around and sharpen their teeth on him.

NOTWITHSTANDING the masterly display of evasive action described in our first chapter, Callo was actually in the throes of a strange and disturbing restlessness. No longer content to hunt and cut figure eights in the translucent water, he swam about in circles and churned the sea in baffled agitation till something jerked his stubby nose round to the north. Highly incensed, he flicked the spray from his whiskers and went into a series of submarine spins that brought the surface of the sea to a boil.

He might as well have saved his breath. When he shot to the surface a few minutes later, with the water cascading off his round head, the same invisible force once again pulled his head round to the north. Bristling with fury, he heaved his orange-coloured torso high out of the water and swept the surface of the moonlit sea with eyes that missed nothing. Then plopping back into the water, he lay on his back and glared vindictively up at the moon. If the golden globe had anything to do with his restlessness, and the way his head was being jerked round, he wanted to know about it.

The moon didn't crack a smile, of course, and he finally rolled over on his stomach, let his golden body sink well below the surface, and surrendered himself to the seal's equivalent of moody reflections.

Fortunately, the reflections weren't so moody that the force that kept prodding him into a north-westerly course couldn't plumb them. And almost before he quite realized it he was swimming in the indicated direction with twin lines of foam feathering out from under his chin.

BRISTLING with fury, he heaved his orange-coloured torso high out of the water and swept the surface of the moonlit sea with eyes that missed nothing

Now that he was in motion, and his eyes fixed on a target, he shed the restlessness of the preceding days like an old skin. Every inch of his superb body registering satisfaction, he sliced through the golden carpeted sea at a smart clip.

In his new-found ecstasy he swam the clock round, slowing down for a short cat-nap only on the second appearance of the moon. Unfortunately, he hadn't exercised his usual caution in the selection of his sleeping quarters. Hardly had he closed his red-rimmed eyes and surrendered to the delicious lassitude stealing over his limbs, when something warned him of impending danger, and he flicked them

LURCHING up the slippery slope he tackled the oldster with such devastating fury he drove him off the ledge and into the sea, just as the frothy breakers became dotted with the smooth round heads of half a million seal cows

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

open to find himself ringed about by a quartet of battle-scarred old bull seals.

That their æsthetic senses were outraged by his obnoxious colouring went without saying. And it was clear, too, from the startled expressions in the wrinkled old faces, that this was their first sight of an albino seal. Smugly oblivious of the fact that they themselves could easily have sired him, they glared at him with mounting resentment.

Had they been just a little more familiar with his disconcerting directness they wouldn't have wasted so much time making faces. Acting on the well-known maxim of attacking when you are supposed to retreat, he surged towards them at full speed, slashing at them with his strong blunt teeth and twisting away like a seagoing Dervish.

That he didn't have things all his own way went without saying. And after the first moment of surprise at his audacity the old bulls got going, returning his nips at such a high rate of interest that he finally turned and churned away in a smother of blood-flecked foam.

While he had undoubtedly dominated the situation, and at all times kept it well in hand, he hadn't emerged from the encounter unscathed. His stubby face throbbed from a slash across the nose, and his flanks and rump burned with the pain of some direct hits. Had he been of a different breed he would have veered toward some hidden island, where he could nurse his wounds in solitude. Condemned by prankish nature to avoid all contact with solid ground while in the Pacific, he was forced to endure the pain as best he could and follow the new course so mysteriously charted for him.

Now that he was travelling at top speed his rhythm was perfect. His flippers could hardly be seen, so swiftly did they work, and his orange torso offered little resistance to the water. And not till the pugnacious quartette had been left far in the rear, and the moon was fading in the heavens, did he pay heed to the hunger gnawing at his vitals, and cut down his speed.

Finding food in these warm waters was the simplest thing imaginable. Indeed, there was such an embarrassment of choice he couldn't, for the moment, at any rate, decide between a surface-swimming squid, and a salmon. Finally figuring that the latter would offer him more sport he churned after it at top speed.

As swimmers, Pacific salmon enjoy preferred rating. And this particular one must have put up some substantial speed records of his own because he promptly unleashed a spurt of it that would have left a less powerful swimmer standing still. Then, finding the big orange seal still on his trail, he switched tactics and streaked for the depths.

Since Callo had no relish for the dark and clammy underworld he considered abandoning the chase and snatching the first fish to come along. His ego must have suddenly assumed control, however,

because he stepped up his pace, accentuated the angle of his dive, and shot downward in stubborn pursuit.

At that velocity he didn't take long to penetrate to the high-pressured depths. Here, where light from the upper world couldn't possibly reach, the mud and ooze of the ocean floor gave off a faint, nebulous glow that made everything look ghostly and unreal and rendered the salmon difficult to follow. As a matter of fact, just as he was about to snap at him the Oncorhynchus was swallowed from sight by the eerily waving fronds of a gigantic hydrozoan plant.

His naturally protruding optics almost popping from his head under the suffocating pressure, Callo swung around the ghostly plant and almost ran into pale wisps of bluish light that faded and brightened as if being breathed on by some invisible lungs. Finally, unable to withstand the "squeeze" any longer, he turned and shot for the surface as fast as his frantically churning fins could take him. Surprised at finding a big squid in his mouth when he eventually broke water, he proceeded to blunt the edge of his hunger without asking questions as to how it got there.

IMMENSELY refreshed, he straightened out on his course again and resumed his journey. As the reader has probably gathered, this burning anxiety to get somewhere, to steer always in the same north-westerly direction, wasn't his own idea. There was something bigger than himself in the urge, something that had been handed down to him by long-dead progenitors that he couldn't have defied had he wanted to.

As can be well imagined, nothing could slice through the teeming waters of the Pacific for long without being challenged. And he was knifing silently and swiftly through the translucent water some hours later when his ever roving eyes caught sight of an object bearing down on him at an acute angle. Fearing that it might be a shark, he was preparing to "sound" without indulging in any false heroics when he glimpsed above the surface the long back fin that is the hallmark of the swordfish. Changing direction, he slid away at right angles to his former course, held it for a mile or so, then once again pointed his whiskered face to the northwest.

Having successfully by-passed that threat without too much trouble, Callo, after a quick scanning of the surface, decided that this might be a good time to catch up on some of the sleep that he had been missing lately. Closing his eyes, he snuggled down into the soft arms of the sea and surrendered to the delicious lassitude that promptly began stealing over his muscles.

He really should have known better. And it wasn't surprising that the thrashing of water should have wakened him almost immediately. Blinking the sleep from his eyes, he (*Continued on page* 66)

HE didn't take long to penetrate to the high-pressured depths. Here, where light from the upper world couldn't possibly reach, the mud and ooze of the ocean floor gave off a faint, nebulous glow which rendered the salmon difficult to follow

DRESS: BY JEAN BURNUP

Editor
Women's Department

The first woollen frocks of early Autumn from London wholesale houses concisely combine charm with functionalism. Imaginative detail sugar-coats the still un-liberated Austerity

1

1. Two-piece in cinnamon wool, with dark-rust collar and pocket bind. The cross-over top, with its dipping pocket flap, is buckled and belted neatly into the waist at back. Atrima, Utility

2

2. The subtle and brilliant shades in the new Wolsey collection are based on the colour harmonies of ancient Chinese pottery. This Angora-jersey shirtmaker is in Sung green—pale, dreamy, grey-green to you—with the beautiful styling and detailing which handmarks Wolsey clothes . . . new placing of the buttons, panel stitching on skirt and bodice, knife-pleats back and front of the skirt.

3

3. Slim black woollen, sashed and cap-sleeved with vivid tartan silk. The as-you-wish sleeves also turn down to become black wool. Percy Trilnick.

4

4. Again the dressy school of black woollens, with three-quarter sleeves, a twin-buckled narrow belt and a fringed, double tie at the neck. A new "Better Utility" dress by Rembrandt.

Prices and further information on application

"We're Setting Up

BEFORE the war, starting up a new home and making it comfortable and beautiful depended upon the length of your pocket and the extent of your interest. Now, if your pocket is long you are no better off than the next couple, and your richness can only be measured in terms of resourcefulness and your willingness to lash out in the field of experiment.

Every new home has its quota of Utility furniture now. These pieces are sound and simple, and undoubtedly excellent present-day value for money. From the æsthetic point of view they are not, and never were, intended to be more than utilitarian, so it is upon what goes with the furniture and upon the background against which it is displayed that the ultimate effect depends.

Good advice to young home-makers to-day is to buy only what is absolutely necessary for comfort, and to concentrate on attractive and colourful detail to fill in the gaps and to focus the enquiring eye where it will get the fewest shocks.

A bed, an easy chair or two and a table you must have. Purely decorative pieces, "fill-up furniture," can wait for better times, the places reserved for its later occupation being, for the moment, disguised by skilful stage-craft.

Fabrics are all-important. They give colour and character to a room. They should be used and boldly planned as an integral part of the ensemble, not introduced like an afterthought as amateur decorators so often do.

The two rooms sketched on this and the opposite page are designed to show how a little furniture, skilfully displayed, can make an almost glamorous scheme.

The bedroom colouring is in two shades of green, with white and candy pink. These walls are pastel green with one a little deeper in colour to set off the bed. One cretonne curtain boldly patterned with green and candy pink on a white ground is draped at the window and has a deep flounce of white butter muslin. The plain white cotton poplin bed-cover has a flounce of cretonne, which also makes day covers for the pillows.

The bed is a piece of bold camouflage work, being a Utility mattress upon which four feet have been fixed. A bedhead is "indicated with white cord, pinned to the background, and a simple painted design done directly on to the wall.

A home-made shelf with a painted top, screened with white butter muslin, makes the dressing-table. The tallboy is a Utility piece.

In the sitting-room a second-hand settee comes up smiling with a new slip cover. Suitable materials for this purpose can be bought coupon-free with careful searching. A Victorian table and some small chairs have had a 1945 facial, and stripped of french polish, now have a cream-painted surface to match the walls and woodwork.

Nothing in these two schemes is beyond the powers of the willing amateur. Everything is low-priced, though appearances belie the fact.

WINIFRED LEWIS

Our Own Home"

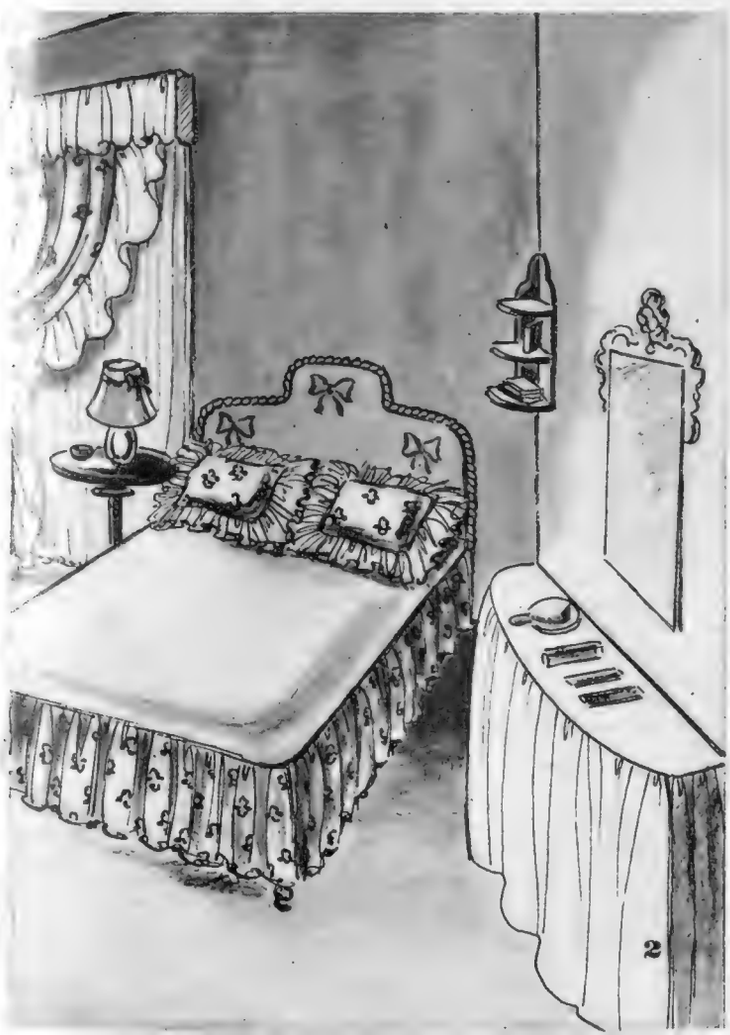
1. For this scheme a second-hand settee is rehabilitated with a loose cover. The Utility armchair (£2 9s.) is slip-covered to match. Utility bookcases (£1 12s. each) fill the corner and a Victorian table with matching chairs were stripped and painted to serve for meals.

2. Utility spring mattress mounted on feet to form a divan has a sham bedhead outlined on the wall. A painted wood shelf with a "skirt" makes the dressing-table. The tallboy is Utility, price £9 5s. 3d.

3. This French window makes the fullest use of a garden view, with a home-made corner seat.

4. Turquoise walls and chair covers of yellow striped with plum.

5. Perforated doors enclose a fireplace which contains a radiator.



WHERE'S MOTHER...?

Anyone who has enjoyed the comfort and security of a happy home-life will recognise the phrase which is always on the lips of the family. The real test of a woman's success and the secret of those ties which bind her into every thread and fibre of home-life are real and indispensable, yet hard to define.

It is the ambition of every young woman who is starting out on the adventure of home-making to establish herself as the centre and meaning of the household, to become its guiding spirit and the influence about which its deepest happiness revolves. How can she do it. Where is she to begin?

Ask yourself what it was that you missed when you walked into your own home in your mother's absence.

It was her very presence, the atmosphere of familiar welcome and security which her ever-permanent understanding implied. It was her helpfulness, her interest, the service she gave you, even those personal habits and, perhaps, those idiosyncrasies, which made her personality and the home one and the same thing.

This influence cannot be reproduced in a day. It is a steady build-up, the fruits of service; the reward of a job well done for those in whose happiness lies her own fulfilment.

Zest Test

How much has the war depleted your energies? Do you realise whether you are below par or not? Do you blame the passing of time, rather than war conditions, for your present inertia? Here is a test for your zest, and a few hints on how to get back that pre-war enthusiasm and energy

1. On waking, do you rise enthusiastic for the day's activities?

Fresh air to sleep in, no last cigarette in bed, and no heavy supper are essentials. Insufficient sleep will certainly diminish zest. Try seven, eight, and even nine hours to see your waking reactions. If you are still tired, sleep the clock round for once. Try a cleansing routine of hot water night and morning, ten minutes energetic exercise in the fresh air, and cut out starchy foods.

How do you wake up in the morning?

2. Does the weather affect you mentally—and physically?

Weather invariably affects people who are out of sorts, older and inactive for other reasons, more. Try to enjoy the fresh breezes by taking some exercise that you enjoy. Make time for it, do it in the cooler weather. Take halibut liver oil tablets as soon as autumn causes a shiver. And if it is humanly possible for you to do so—take a course of sun-ray treatments, but be sure they are given by an expert.

3. What sort of holiday have you had this year?

If you have been hiking, biking, or even going on a small motor tour, you can give yourself pretty high marks. If you have taken your whole family (making hiking and biking impossible) to the country or seaside and enjoyed it, you get full marks too. But if you have just lounged from deck chair to hotel chair, your zest is pretty low and you may need a good nerve tonic, or a course of vitamin pills.

4. Are you reading at all at present, and if so what type of books appeal to you?

Have you lounged right through your holiday?

The type of book you feel inclined to read is one of the surest signs of the state of your mental energies. Thrillers, magazine stories, are the easiest for a tired mind to tackle, so if they are your constant choice — beware. Novels and good literature needing concentration come lower than the autobiographies, travel books and educational literature that most intelligent people try to scatter through their year's reading. Concentration is tiring but exercising, too. Try to interest your mind in something which will improve it—and that improvement will give your mind more zest.

5. Is it too much bother to dress up and go out, or invite friends home?

We all know the dreaded party which turned out to be so enjoyable. Nowadays this is even truer than before because the effort and exertion of getting ready to go out, or arranging to entertain, is the chief reason for our dread. The strange part is that the contacts you will make, the compliments you may get, are far more vitalizing than the few hours' rest you might miss. Go out, or if you have family ties, ask people home. Join a club, go to serious plays, lectures, and thought-provoking films —these are stimulants that will add more zest to your way of living.

Is it a bother to dress up and go out?

6. How do you look to the future?

Do not go on too long repressing ambition, optimism and cheer. This characteristic of depression may be due to a mild worry neurosis from which you are suffering. Realise that worry is not natural to a healthy mind, and that the things you now spend hours of energy worrying about are sapping your zest. and are not, in themselves, as important as they seem. You can, with strength of mind, reduce mountainous cares into their true molehill size.

TRY SOMETHING NEW

Anti-climax is white-anting your bones, you feel ready to drop. Or you want to remedy five years of hard work, strain, frugalities and fears. What you need is something new.

If you have never had a salon beauty treatment, try one now. Do not think this is the privilege of the beautiful and the groomed. It will do wonders for the housewife-mother of three.

There are varying treatments and varying charges. An hour's relaxation with massage that tones the nerves at the back of your neck, as well as helps to remove the fine lines and imperfections of your skin, will cost you twenty-five shillings, but is worth every penny.

Try a Turkish bath once a month really to clear those pores and let your skin breathe.

Don't forget that sun-ray lamps are back on the market—but it is wise to have a course of ray treatments given by a specialist, as sun-rays can be just as dangerous coming from a lamp as from the heavens. Most towns have at least one good sun-ray salon or clinic.

Make-up has something new to offer too—something refreshing to the tired face. Arden's new Rose Mist make-up with faint blue tones is perfect for the woman of any age, natural and yet with an undertone of glamour.

Start using a good eye lotion if you want your eyes to sparkle and keep young. Too many women ignore this primary eye care.

And why not have a foot treatment, massage and pedicure if you feel shoe-conscious. . . .

HEALTH AND BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of the exercises or routines mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

CANDID CAMERA

Shots often reveal a creature strange to you. Your eyebrows look too short, perhaps your ears too large; moles are noticeable; hair style is unexpectedly untidy or mouth depressingly downcornered. Don't tear the shots in half. Study them. Try to correct them

Friends may call you entertaining: the Candid Camera says "lined." Conquer the face-twisting habit, or all your salon treatments, skin food and tonics will not keep these lines at bay

Toothache hasn't sent you to the dentist, but the Candid Camera should. That side tooth looks grim, spoils your whole appearance even if it doesn't hurt. A clever dentist can help you with skilled fingers. Think of the film-stars

You must not ignore that threatening double chin. Maybe you can tilt your head slightly more forward, but chin exercises, slappings, chin strap and salon massage can make short work of this unwelcome addition to a nice profile

And if you have a lovely picture of yourself, try to live up to the person it portrays.

Maybe it is the fault of the hat, but an otherwise groomed appearance is ruined by the band and the bump. Always use a hand-mirror to get a profile view

Do you frown when reading, or doing close work? Nerves, glare, bad eyesight or headaches are the causes. Remedies—relaxed brow muscles, back-of-neck massage, sun glasses, eye-lotions, eye-exercises and perhaps glasses for reading

This dinner service is of flashed opal glass. Coloured glass tableware promises to be an important development for home decoration when production starts again

GLASS.—The possibilities of glass for decorative purposes and for introducing light and sunshine in the home have long been foreseen. It is only recently that practical experiment has made these hopes a reality.

Houses will be lighter, sunnier and far easier to keep clean on account of the much greater use of glass. In some of its newer forms it is no longer fragile, it is heat- and damp-resisting, and not, as one supposes, any colder than the materials which were formerly used.

Glass fabric will have many important uses. Some for decorative purposes—such as furnishing materials, which are heavy, durable and good-looking. So far the development of glass fabric is only in its earliest stages, but at some later date there is very little doubt that this good-looking and long-wearing type of fabric will find many uses in the home.

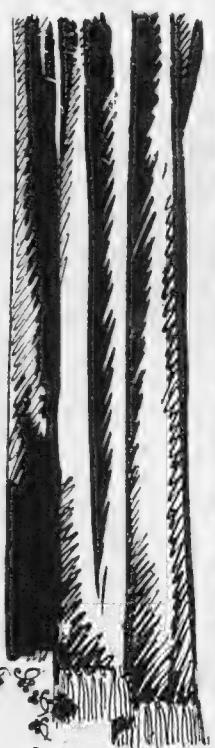
Glass fibre, for insulating, promises to be supreme. For lagging pipes, for sound and heat insulation, it has no rival, because it is damp-resisting and so tough that the normal vagaries of the atmosphere cannot affect it.

Glass bricks built in to surround a bathroom door admit more daylight to the landing beyond and have a decorative value from both sides. A Vitrolite glass panel splashback is fitted behind the bath and the shower curtain is of glass fabric

FROSTED FOODS. Just before the war, frosted vegetables and fruits were introduced to the British housewife, and proved themselves, in every way, a boon. Organisation was not, however, on such a scale that you could walk into any grocer's and buy fresh frosted garden peas, new potatoes, beans, spinach or strawberries as you wished.

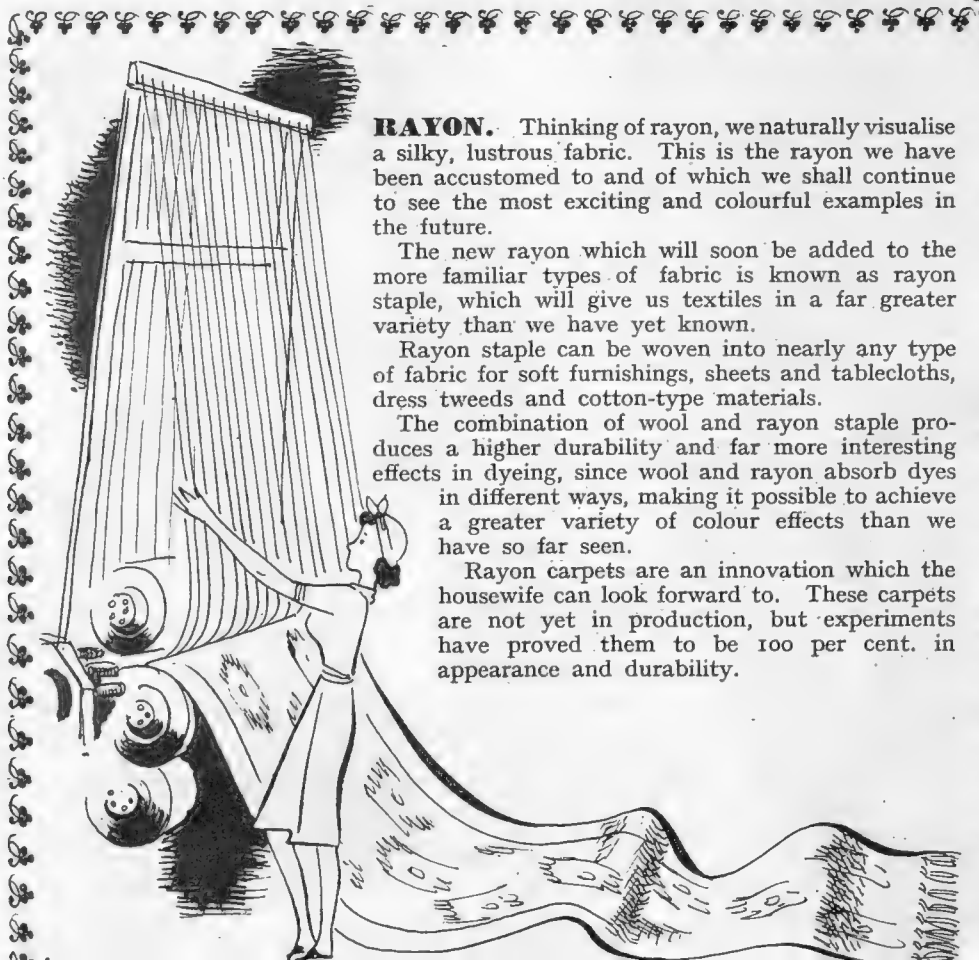
Very soon now the great manufacturing plants which have been set up will have swung into peacetime production, and then these perfect garden vegetables and fruit will be available to every table.

The process of rapid freezing by which they are prepared, preserves their fullest and most perfect natural flavour. There is no wastage. If you buy, for instance, a pound of peas, they are all perfect, and you have



PRE-

Right through the war, secret things have been happening in industry about which, for security's sake, we had to be kept in ignorance. Shortly, we shall be permitted to judge for ourselves what benefits these wartime activities have to confer in peace. Here is the story of some of the de-



RAYON. Thinking of rayon, we naturally visualise a silky, lustrous fabric. This is the rayon we have been accustomed to and of which we shall continue to see the most exciting and colourful examples in the future.

The new rayon which will soon be added to the more familiar types of fabric is known as rayon staple, which will give us textiles in a far greater variety than we have yet known.

Rayon staple can be woven into nearly any type of fabric for soft furnishings, sheets and tablecloths, dress tweeds and cotton-type materials.

The combination of wool and rayon staple produces a higher durability and far more interesting effects in dyeing, since wool and rayon absorb dyes in different ways, making it possible to achieve a greater variety of colour effects than we have so far seen.

Rayon carpets are an innovation which the housewife can look forward to. These carpets are not yet in production, but experiments have proved them to be 100 per cent. in appearance and durability.

Last word in electric dish-washers. You load the wire basket with dirty dishes, place it in the tank, turn on the hot water, switch on the motor. In a few minutes the dishes are clean and dry

exactly one pound of edible food.

In the United States, the same process is used with fresh chicken and fish, and there is hope that these, too, will soon be available here.

They need no cooking. All you do is to put them in the oven to warm.

The sketch shows a new self-opening tin which disposes at last of the tin-opener and its hated problems.

VIEW

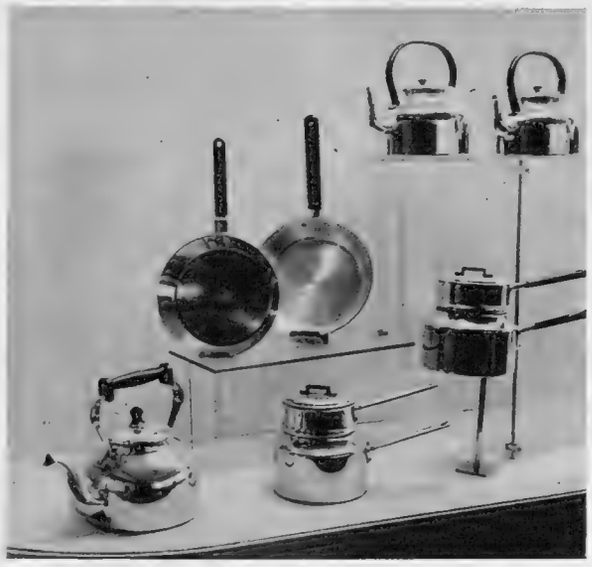
velopments in industry which have a special significance for women in the future. We cannot reap the ceiling advantages yet. We shall have to wait until further production and the full flood of materials is at our disposal again. But these things are on the way.

ALUMINIUM. Before the war, the average woman's knowledge of aluminium as a practical metal in the home was confined to saucepans and their performances.

During the war, aluminium has developed with giant strides as a metal of all-embracing possibilities in the house.

Its outstanding virtues commend themselves. It is light, which means easy to carry about; it resists corrosion, which means greater durability and easy cleaning, and—this is very new, of course—it can be colour treated in the most attractive shades and has a luxurious surface which we, who are out of touch with developments, do not associate with the old aluminium.

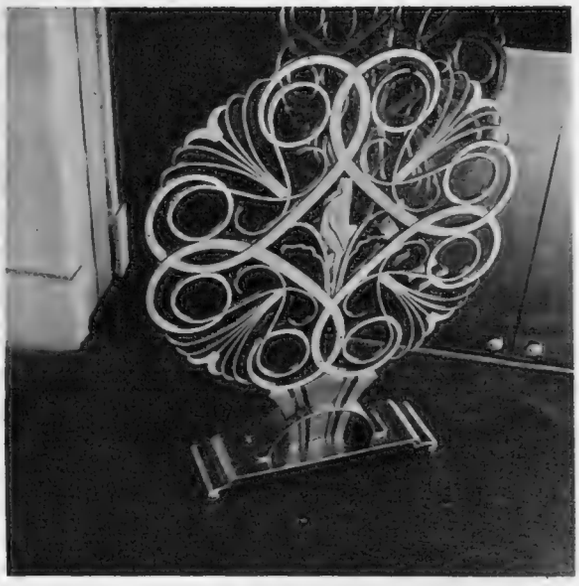
Lightweight coloured kitchen and nursery furniture; cookers and water-heater surfaces; kitchen utensils and decorative things of all sorts, including pots and pans, promise to make the kitchen a much gayer and cleaner place in the future through the use of the new aluminium.



Some examples of the new heavy and luxurious aluminium cooking ware. Some of these utensils are now made in colour by a new anodising process

Colour effects are produced by an anodising process, by which a protective oxide film is laid upon the metal, rendering it capable of absorbing dyes.

Even self-coloured aluminium fittings and utensils have a much more luxurious appearance. The metal is heavy and has a highly polished surface like silver plating.



(Left) Coloured aluminium has many new and unexpected purposes for ornaments, fire-screens, and ornamental grills

ELECTRIC EQUIPMENT. The most promising feature of wartime developments in the electrical industry is that mass production has put the electrical device into an entirely new economic class.

Instead of electrical equipment being a luxury exclusive to the well-to-do home, we have every reason to hope that it will come within the income reach of nearly every household.

Cheap electrical equipment cannot be available at once. Materials and man-power again have to be reckoned with. We can still only look for the full accomplishment of these things in the future, but it is, at least, the not-so-distant future.

Every self-respecting kitchen will then, we hope, be equipped with electric ventilation. No more cooking smells and no more weariness from working in a damp and overheated atmosphere.

The electric dish-washer, seen in the photograph, will probably make the greatest appeal to women. Electric refuse disposal is another device to look forward to, and the electric washer and wringer, though not exactly a newcomer, will reappear later on at a much more attractive price than formerly.

Hot drying-cupboards, instant water-heaters, cheaper refrigerators and cookers are all on the list of certainties. All the housewife has to do now is to possess her soul in patience, until industry, anxious and willing to oblige, has got on to its peacetime feet again.

HOME-MADE LAMPSHADE

It takes about an hour to make a very charming and feminine flouncy lampshade from an old gingham blouse, or, if you want something frillier for the bedroom, any odd length of flowered voile or spotted muslin.

Get an old lampshade frame and bind it round with tape, stitching the ends down tightly so that the tape does not slip out of place. This binding makes it much easier to attach the finished shade to the frame.

Cut a circle of material with a diameter twice the depth of the shade, plus the distance across the frame-top, and an inch or two to keep the lower rim from showing beneath the flares.

Drape it over the frame, pin flares in place, and cut out a centre circle for the top.

Roll the bottom edge of the shade and, if you are using gingham, attach rick-rack braid to cover the stitching. If you are using spotted muslin or a lighter material, add a two-inch flounce at the bottom. Now turn the top edge of the shade covering over the top of the frame and baste it neatly into position. Tack each flare to the lower rim. Cover the sewing with rick-rack braid or with slightly shirred ribbon, finished with a soft bow.

RIBBED PULLOVER
for all Casual Wear

MATERIALS

5 ozs. of Lister's 3-ply Lavenda; one pair each of No. 12 and No. 10 knitting needles.

MEASUREMENTS

From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 21 ins.; across the back and front under-arms, 17 ins.

TENSION

15 sts. to 2 ins.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles cast on 102 sts. Rib as follows:
1st row.—P. 1, * k. 3, p. 2, repeat from *, ending p. 1.
2nd row.—K. 1, * p. 2, k. 3, repeat from *, ending k. 1.
Work until 4 ins. from the cast-on edge. Change to No. 10 needles and the following rib:
1st row.—P. 1, k. 8, p. 2, repeat from *, ending p. 1.
2nd row.—K. 1, * p. 8, k. 2, repeat from *, ending, p. 1.
Continue in this rib, inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following, until 122 sts. Work without further shaping until 14 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 102 sts. remain, then every row until 88 sts. remain. Continue on these 88 sts. for 7 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 22 sts., cast off 48 sts., work 22 sts. Work for 2-in. on these last 22 sts. Cast off. (*Continued on page 64*)

STRIPED SWEATER
with Matching Stocking Cap

MATERIALS

5 ozs. of red 3-ply La Laine wool; 3 ozs. of white 3-ply, one pair of No. 10 and one pair of No. 12 knitting needles; 2 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

From top of shoulder to lower edge, 19 ins.; across back and front under-arms, 17 ins.; under-arm of sleeve, 5½ ins.

TENSION

7 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT

With red wool and No. 12 needles cast on 100 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 2½ ins. Change to No. 10 needles and continue in stocking stitch (1 row knit and 1 row purl).
Work in the following strips:
1st row.—Join on white wool, knit.
2nd row.—Purl.
3rd row.—Join on red wool, knit.
4th row.—Purl.
5th row.—Knit.
6th row.—Purl. Repeat from 1st row. These 6 rows form pattern and strips. Work for 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following, until 120 sts. Continue without further shaping until 12½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 90 sts. remain. Continue until 5 ins. after armhole shaping.

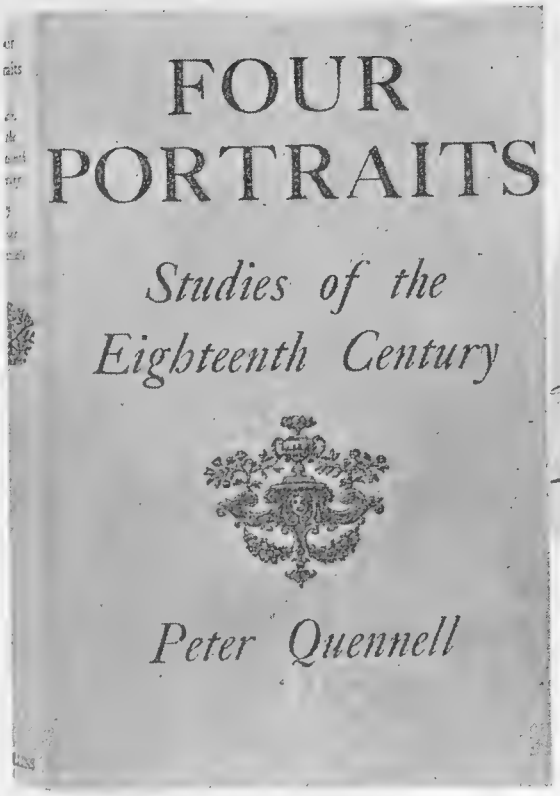
SHAPE NECK

Work 40 sts., cast off 10 sts., work 40 sts. Work on the last set of 40 sts. for 2 ins. at the same time dec. by casting off 2 sts. every row at the neck edge until 32 sts. remain.

(*Continued on page 64*)

Books:

Reviewed by
Trevor Allen



A portrait of James Boswell in Later Life. Engraved by F. Holl after a sketch by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Boswell is one of the subjects of Mr. Peter Quennell's delightful book "Four Portraits."

"HANDSOME rake" has been a stock term of romancers, yet the most successful rakes have often been plain, even ugly men. John Wilkes, passionately addicted to the pursuit of women all his life, had "a jaw that was crooked and prominent, squinting eyes set close together in an odd malevolent leer, a high bony forehead and a flat truncated nose," but his charm was such that it took him, he declared, "only half an hour to talk away my face," after which the charmer of the hour was left to fall irresistibly for his combination of physical exuberance and intellectual energy. This rake, gambler, and patriot is one of Mr. Peter Quennell's "Four Portraits" (Collins, 12s. 6d.), the others, also of the latter eighteenth century, being Boswell, Gibbon and Sterne. Bozzy was more than the shadow of Dr. Johnson; Gibbon more than the methodical historian; Sterne more than the Yorick of "Tristram Shandy" and "Sentimental Journey." In prose that is a joy to read, Mr. Quennell traces the finer shades of character and background, giving us studies as satisfying as those of "Byron" and "Caroline of England," and disclosing his pleasure in the task with asides such as "In common with many selfish men, Sterne was a devoted father. . . ."

HAVING roughed it as a London taxi and bus driver, Mr. Herbert Hodge has no illusions about himself, no "side," though he did become a notable broadcaster. During the war he was commissioned to stump through the States on a lecture tour, spouting whatever he liked about our war effort. "I cannot be bothered with tricks," he says of his public speaking. "I just get up and get on with it." And that, evidently, is just how Americans like it. Judging by the forthright tone of "A Cockney on Main Street" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), he must have been an ideal ambassador of goodwill, eager to learn as well as teach, even though business men whom he addressed couldn't understand his doing it for twenty dollars a day expenses—chicken-feed. Readers of this bluff Hodgiad will be left with the thought: I wish I'd been there to hear him! It will greatly help Anglo-U.S. understanding.

IT would be patronizing to say that Mr. Evelyn Waugh's "Brideshead Revisited" (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d.) was brilliantly written; that we take for granted. But behind the glitter there is a moving, sobering study of the impact of Catholicism on the varying temperaments of an aristocratic family in the somewhat "pagan" years between the two wars. There are two skeletons in the Marchmain cupboard. The Marquis, hating the wife whose religion he adopted on marriage, goes off to Venice with a cultivated dancer, and remains there. His second son, Sebastian, embittered by the family conflict, becomes a drunkard. His daughter, Julia, is on the way to making a third when she marries a Canadian opportunist well outside the Marchmain tradition. All very distressing to the devout Marchioness; embarrassing to Ryder, the artist-narrator, who was Sebastian's friend at Oxford and eventually becomes Julia's lover. Life of the kind typified by Oxford, ancestral country mansions, and fashionable London society sings and surges through this story, which has a (*Continued on page* 56)

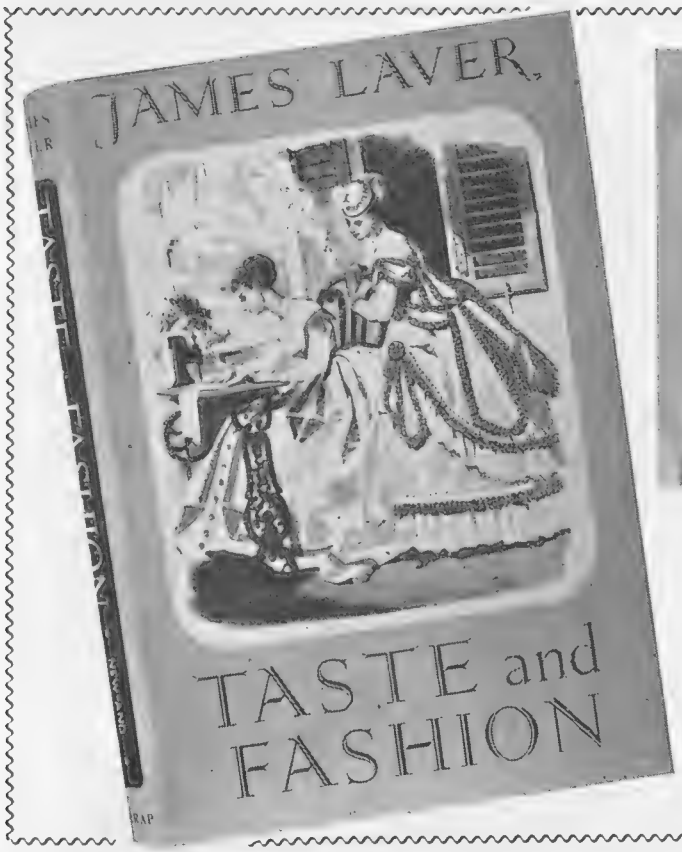


Photo: Paul Tanqueray
MR. JAMES LAVER

150 Years of Fashion

THE man is a hero who would plumb the fickle fads of fashion. Mr. James Laver relates them to the social habits and art vogues of the period, contending that "the hopes and fears of a whole society are reflected in the cut of a dress," and the crinoline is as much a monument as the Albert Memorial. This may be true, though we should prefer the view that woman, generally constant in the fundamental things, demands change in the superficial, encouraged by a vast industry which thrives on change—the more capricious the better. It is certainly true that the hopes and fears of countless husbands centre on the enigma.

A handsome new edition of his incredibly illustrated "**Taste and Fashion**" (Harrap, 18s.), from the French Revolution to the present day, has some charming lithographs in colour and a chapter on fashions in this war and likely threats for the future. How women can face the future at all, recalling the perpetrations of the past here pictured, and knowing worse is possibly to come, moves me to wonder—except for the consoling thought that the vogue of the moment is seldom ridiculous until the day after. However, this is a serious treatise with a treacherous chapter on "Fashions for Men," so the less said the better. Women will gloat over it at tea, bridge, and cocktail parties. The book, I mean, not just the chapter.

Why Not A Waterway?

A Channel-To-Channel Canal Plan For The West

By Wilma Buckley

WE have been confronted with much hopeful laying of plans for new motoring roads and new airfields; a great deal of discussion and to do about the need for improved rail and bus services. But nothing, or next to nothing, has been heard about one of our traditional means of transport, for passenger and for commercial purposes: canals and waterways in general, both new and old.

A project for a first-class ship canal has been renewed in the West of England (it was first thought of as long ago as 1828) and deserves serious attention, involving, as it does, many aspects of advantage to the counties concerned and to the country as a whole. The proposed waterway lies between Bridgwater in North Somerset and Bridport or Poole in Dorset, linking the Bristol Channel with the English Channel . . . a kind of home-grown Panama Canal.

The advantages to shipping are immediately apparent to anyone who studies the map, since the long journey that the South Wales colliers must make—to take only one example—round Land's End, would thus be avoided; not only could time be saved, but lives, ships and valuable cargoes preserved from the hazards of the Cornish and Devon coasts, dangerous to shipping in stormy weather.

Industry in the south-west would naturally benefit from an active waterway of a major nature, and low-lying land in the Athelney-Sedgemoor region of Somerset, often under water in spite of extensive attempts at drainage, would be reclaimed and spared the ever-present threat of flooding. The gain to agriculture would, in fact, be widespread: live stock, dairy produce, fruit, vegetables, and all perishable foodstuffs could be quickly and cheaply moved about . . . a relief to producers and consumers alike!

The construction of this ship canal, while too vast a proposal for local finance and therefore essentially a national public works scheme, should, it is estimated, take not longer than two and a half years; largely a matter of dredging and widening, since it would follow the course of the rivers Parrett, Yeo (formerly called the Ivel) and Stour, along with lesser streams. Among the towns through which it would pass are Langport, Yeovil, Sherborne, Blandford and Wimborne. Bridgwater, a historic town now fallen into some desuetude, was once a flourishing port that has literally suffered "a sea change." Silted up with mud from the estuary, the river Parrett here is no longer navigable to the extent that it used to be. This ancient sea-gate of Somerset could be restored to its former bustling quayside activity.

Aside from the question of employment (*Continued on page 67*)

Bridport, West Bay and Harbour. This is one of the suggested ports on the English Channel for the canal. (Below) A picture map showing the terrain through which the canal would pass and how the dangerous journey in stormy weather round Land's End would be avoided by coastal steamers from South Wales ports

Poole Harbour, Dorset. This is another port which has been suggested the canal should enter in the English Channel

A miniature liner on the famous Göta Canal in Sweden. Similar steamers could ply their way from coast to coast on the suggested canal through England's most beautiful scenery

DECORATION DATA

PAINTING THE HANDS Before starting painting operations smear linseed oil on the hands. Turpentine used to remove paint stains dries the skin and makes it harsh.

PAPERING CORNERS Do not carry the wallpaper round the corners of the rooms, but fit the edges together in the corners. This prevents blistering and breaking away from the walls.

Labour for home decorations is short and costly. Many people are tackling their own renovations in the house and these practical hints on technical procedure will help to produce a professional finish

STRIPPING WALLS To strip old paper, paint over the wall surface with warm water applied on a distemper brush. Let it soak well and scrape off the paper with a blunt knife or any edged tool.

MAKING PASTE Mix a half-quartern of flour with enough cold water to form a batter. Smooth out lumps then add a half-pail of cold water. To this, add one teaspoonful of alum and boil, stirring all the time the pail is over the heat. Cool before using.

PASTING WALLPAPER The usual method is to paste the paper on a table top or trestle, but for the amateur an easier way is to paste the wall in small strips at a time and to bring the dry paper in contact with them.

BEFORE DISTEMPERING Coat the walls with hot size, which should be allowed to dry before distempering. This renders the walls less porous and gives a smoother finish. If the walls are inclined to be damp a petrifying liquid, which can be bought at any colour dealers, makes a protective base.

TO APPLY DISTEMPER Start at the top of the wall in a corner and do a strip about a yard wide. Complete this down to the ground. Do another yard in the same way and so on round the room. Once the distempering is begun it must be completed without stopping. Complete each strip before the last is dry. Use the brush in all directions.

PATCHING A CEILING When a ceiling has been lined with paper and a patch of damp has appeared or the paper has partly peeled off, apply a patch. With a ruler mark out with a pencil a square which encloses the damaged part. With an old razor blade cut round the pencil mark and peel off the paper inside the square. Cut a fresh piece of lining paper to the measurement of the square and paste into position. The ceiling can now be whitewashed all over.

ROLLS OF PAPER Wallpaper is sold in standard lengths, 12 yards long by 21 inches wide when the edges are trimmed. To estimate the quantity required, measure the height of the wall spaces to be covered and see how many pieces of such length can be cut from one roll. Now measure round the room to see how many lengths of 21 inches wide are required. It is then simple to calculate the whole amount.

BLISTERED PAINT These are generally traceable to damp in some form. If the woodwork has been washed before painting and not given sufficient time to dry before the paint is applied blisters will later appear.

BRUSH MARKS A good quality brush and distemper help to conceal brush marks, but the amateur is well advised to dab all over the wet surface of the distemper as each strip is completed with a dry stippling brush. This eliminates brush marks and gives a perfect surface. In place of a stippling brush a dry sponge will serve.

COVERING DARK PAINT If dark paint is to be covered with a lighter one wash over the surface very thoroughly with sugar soap, then sandpaper, afterwards giving an undercoating of white lead paint before the final colour is applied.

Your Work Box

A work box is one of our most intimate possessions. As we wear down our shoes, put on a hat, keep our cupboards tidy—or not—they express our character. Eve must have been the first woman to need one. But she had to make do with a thorn for a needle, and teeth for scissors. Cave women used a fine fish bone or pierced flint and a wooden box to keep them in. To-day our work boxes are in constant use. They have played an arduous and patriotic role in the war. Meanwhile, here are some handsome period work boxes and their stories.

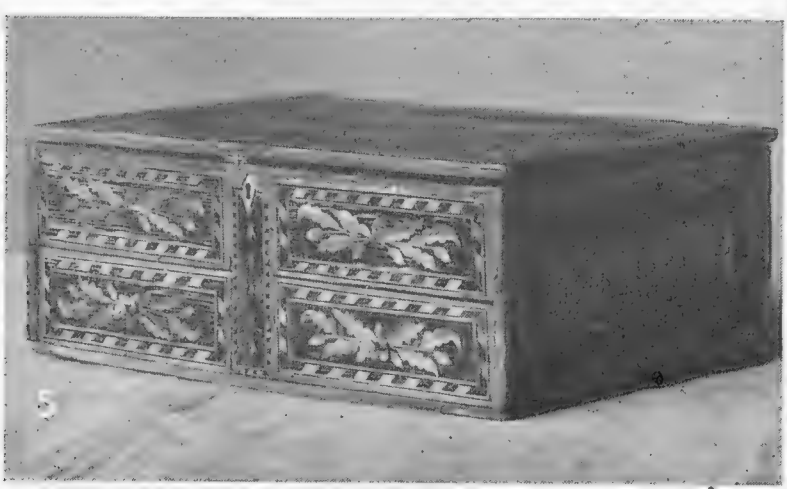
1 Georgian Work Box. Close-up of a beautiful rolled paper and shell-work work box. This strange and elaborate pastime was practised by ladies of leisure in the eighteenth century. (*Courtesy Victoria and Albert Museum.*)

2 Alabaster and Gilt Work Box. Elegant and richly chased, a queen might have handled it. (*Courtesy Victoria and Albert Museum.*)

3 Carolean Work Box. At this time, a lady decorated her work box with handsome stump-work, much in vogue. This one was made by Hannah Smith, aged twelve, in 1654. She called it her cabbinette, and it combined the uses of a trinket-box, writing-case, make-up case and work box in one. Most little girls had to make one as part of their education. (*Courtesy Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester.*)

4 Victorian Work Box. These are among the prettiest and most decorative to possess. In Tunbridge ware, in rose-wood, in papier-mâché, they are still to be found, moderately priced. This example has exotic birds painted on glass inside. Grouped around it are a blue satin Valentine Pincushion, two pairs of stork scissors, a little Tunbridge-ware needle case, a plump, red emery strawberry, hand knitted. (*Edwin Smith.*)

5 A Regency Work Box. During the Napoleonic Wars (1795-1814) French prisoners-of-war made charming work boxes in pale grasses, rush and straw dyed yellow and green, by steeping them in tea. They were sold to afford them pocket money. (*Courtesy Victoria and Albert Museum.*)



OFF DUTY

FRANKLY I cannot imagine how any newly married couples have the temerity even to consider the business of setting up house in these days. All the same it is interesting to know what you are allowed if you come in the category of newly married or bombed out. Should either of these fates have befallen you, you can apply to the Fuel Office where they issue units—thirty for the newly married and thirty "spare" which are kept for later on. With your thirty units you can furnish one room. Supposing you have been bombed out, and the authorities allow you sixty units, you would be able to furnish two rooms.

One of the big furniture stores has worked out a two-room plan involving sixty units, and the suggestions seem to be most practical. Utility furniture is constructed in good, tough wood, oak finish, either light or dark. Personally I would always choose the light finish as it seems to be more suitable for the modern type of house, and somehow gives the impression of having cost much more than the dark finish.

A Utility wardrobe costs £13 2s. 9d., 10 units. The modern dressing table is £8 11s. and 6 units; the tallboy is £9 5s. 3d. and 8 units. To complete your bedroom suite you have a 4 ft. 6 in. bed costing £4 13s. and 15 units. You have now used 29 units. Your sitting-room would include two good fire-side chairs, upholstered in tough and attractive-looking material which will fit in with any colour scheme, and wear well. The price is £5 18s. and the necessary units are 10. An occasional table costs £1 12s. 3d. and 3 units, and a six-piece dining-room suite costs £23 11s. and 18 units. The dining-room suite consists of a table at £6 8s., a good-looking sideboard at £10 7s., and four chairs with rexine seats in any colour you like at 29s. or 30s. each, according to the model you have chosen.

Speaking from a purely selfish point of view, the Utility furniture which I most covet are the chairs. The open-arm easy chair which takes six units and costs £3 16s., has a highish back, long comfortable seat, and arm-rests of light oak finish. The armchairs at £5 18s. are infinitely better looking, and more comfortable than many pre-war arm chairs.

The Utility bed-settee is useful if you are thinking in terms of a bed-sitting-room. It costs £13 9s. and during the day-time can be made to perform a folding act which turns it into a most comfortable sofa.

Reconstructed furniture costs a small fortune. For instance, a bedroom suite in highly polished maple finished wood will put you back £158 7s. 9d.

A very small quantity of plain colour carpets have been released. So far there are only four colours—rust, fawn, green and blue, and I am told by the big Stores that it will take them at least eighteen months to carry out the orders they already have listed.

ALTHOUGH perfume and nail varnish are not being manufactured over here, and will probably not be back on the market for some considerable time, you do occasionally get a whiff of good French perfume which has been brought back from Paris by the Americans or from Brussels by our own troops.

The perfume is duty-free in Paris, and therefore much cheaper than it is in Brussels, but the stocks are lower and the choice limited. In Brussels there is probably a larger selection of perfume than in any other town in the world today.

The only difficulty is the price; when a man has to choose between a bottle of perfume and a pair of silk stockings to send home, he will almost invariably "go for" the silk stockings. A decent pair of silk stockings cost in Brussels approximately £4: a fair-sized bottle of the best perfume costs approximately £2 15s., provides more glamour and, of course, lasts longer than the stockings.

ON DUTY

ONE of the less obvious but sad results of almost six years of war is the effect it has had on people's teeth. When I was in Holland last February I was most impressed by the fact that, although the children seemed lively enough, it was their teeth which always showed the effects of malnutrition. In one family where there were several children, the parents had paid a heavy price; the mother had lost all her teeth, and the father's teeth were literally black with decay. Prisoners of war will tell you that the sloppy food they were given has had a bad effect on their teeth. Here in England we have been lucky enough to escape malnutrition. Even so, nearly five years of strict rations are bound to have left our teeth more liable to decay.

Strong, healthy teeth depend on foods containing a high percentage of both calcium and phosphorus, and these are found in cheese, almonds, egg yolk, milk, beans, whole wheat, peanuts, walnuts, oatmeal and beef. Vitamin D is the most important vitamin for the teeth because it controls the mechanization whereby the calcium and phosphorus are deposited in the teeth. This vitamin is found in halibut oil, cod liver oil, fat fish such as herring, egg yolk, butter, cream and milk. Oranges, lemons and grapefruit are particularly important to your teeth. You will notice that this list includes all the foods which (*Continued on page* 66)

VEGETABLE HARLEQUIN

ANIMAL TARTLETS

Specially For

MILK SOUP

Take potatoes and onions in equal proportions—about 1 lb. for 4 portions of soup. Peel, wash and cut them up into small pieces and cook them in a saucepan for a few minutes with a tiny piece of margarine. Add salt and pepper and three portions of boiling water. Simmer gently for 1 hr. and pour the soup through a strainer into a clean saucepan, mashing the vegetables. Add a little milk, bring slowly to the boil and serve in bowls with little sprigs of chervil floating on top.

FISH ON SKEWERS

An attractive way of serving fish, any of the thick kinds, such as cod, is to cut it in small pieces, about two inches square, and to put them on to meat skewers with a bay leaf in between each piece. Sprinkle salt and pepper, and paint with a little melted margarine. Cook under the grill for 10 to 15 minutes, turning the skewers so that the fish is nicely browned all over. Serve on a bed of mashed potatoes, one skewer for each person.

VEGETABLE HARLEQUIN

A pretty way of serving vegetables—potatoes, carrots, cabbage, peas, beans—is to cut them into small dice, and arrange in some fancy pattern, alternating the colours. In the case of cabbage, this you just make into a little square, or other shape, and the potatoes can be either plain, boiled and cut into small cubes or mashed. A nice combination, for example, would be mashed potatoes, diced carrots, peas and cabbage.

PEAS WITH LETTUCE

Put into a saucepan a tumblerful of water, 3 or 4 spring onion heads peeled, and the heart of a lettuce. Add salt, pepper, and bring to the boil. Put in a small piece of butter or margarine and the heart of a lettuce. Add 1 lb. of shelled peas, bring to the boil, cover the saucepan and simmer until the peas are tender. About 10 minutes after the peas go in, add a sprinkling of soft sugar.

BUTTERED EGGS À LA PORTUGAISE

Beat your eggs (2 for each person), using either shell or dried eggs. Add salt and pepper, and cook them very slowly, preferably in a saucepan standing in another containing boiling water.

Meanwhile, make the following sauce. Put into a saucepan

★

To Be Served Cold

ICED POLISH SOUP

Take for each person a handful of spinach or sorrel. Wash, remove the ribs and chop roughly. Have in a saucepan sufficient boiling salted water. That is to say, if you are making soup for four people, have six parts of water, which will evaporate to the right amount during cooking. Put in the leaves, a small piece of garlic very finely chopped, and pepper to taste. Simmer for ½ hour. Now put in one beetroot, two or three tomatoes, cut into very small cubes, and, when available, a few thin slices of cucumber. Add a tablespoonful of bottled grape-fruit juice or lemon juice. Let the soup get quite cold, and serve it in a bowl, with a lump of ice floating on it.

SALMON MOUSSE

First prepare a purée of potatoes and onion in equal proportions, mashing it and treating it as you would mashed potato. Add to the saucepan a tin of salmon. Season well with salt and pepper, and moisten with a little milk. Mix thoroughly—beating the whole with a fork, and when it is really hot and smooth, pass the mixture through a sieve. Put into a soufflé dish, and stand it on ice or in the refrigerator until thoroughly cold. Serve with a salad of plain lettuce, and of course, a little cucumber if available.

COLD STUFFED TOMATOES

Choose large tomatoes, as evenly shaped as possible—cut them in two lengthways and scoop out all the pulp. Take some bacon rinds and fry these until crisp. Add one small onion finely chopped, chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Put in the tomato pulp and heat it, mixing all well together. Now add sufficient white breadcrumbs to the mixture to bind it together, and use it to fill the tomatoes' cases. Serve cold.

GALANTINE ROBERT

Slices of spam or any of the tinned pork meat can be very appetizing served in the following way :

Chop one small onion, a very small piece of garlic, and cook for a few minutes with a tiny piece of margarine. Add a coffee cup full of stock, or prepared concentrated meat essence, and put in a bouquet of thyme, parsley and bay leaf. Add a little Worcester sauce, and bottled tomato sauce, salt and pepper. Simmer gently for about a quarter of an hour, and pass the sauce through a strainer. Arrange the slices of meat on a bed of lettuce leaves, and mask each one with the sauce.

GÂTEAU ISABELLE

Have a chocolate cake or mould either made at home or bought in a shop, and serve it with the following sauce poured over :

First make some very strong black coffee—about ½ pint.

The Children

a few bacon-rinds, a bunch of thyme, parsley and a bay-leaf tied together, salt, pepper and, for a dish of eggs for four, ½ lb. of tomatoes cut into pieces. Add a mustardspoonful of concentrated meat extract and sufficient cold water to come level with the ingredients. Bring to the boil and simmer, squashing all the ingredients with a fork. Cook until the liquid has half evaporated. Put your eggs in a hot serving-dish and pour the sauce over through a fine strainer.

PURÉE OF TURNIPS

Peel (or scrape) the turnips and boil them in salted water till quite tender. Pass them through a sieve, put back into a saucepan with sufficient thick white sauce flavoured with nutmeg to make a smooth, thick purée.

OATMEAL ICE

First mix a thick custard. Sweeten it well, and flavour with any fruit juice available, either from bottled fruit or fresh stewed fruit. Put this on ice or into the refrigerator until about half frozen. Meanwhile prepare some toasted oatmeal by putting a large handful of the meal in the oven. Spread out on a baking tin until it is quite crisp, but without letting it brown. Mix this with the cold custard, beat well and put back on ice or in the refrigerator to freeze.

ANIMAL TARTLETS

Jam tartlets or fruit puffs can be made amusing by cutting the pastry into an animal silhouette or the shape of a little man. Eyes are made with currants, which are also used as buttons.

BISCUIT CUSTARD

Stale sweet biscuits using crumbs and broken pieces should be crushed and rolled with the rolling pin and put into a glass bowl or dish. Make a custard with two tablespoonsful of dried egg and two heaped ones of powdered milk, adding soft sugar to the powder mixture which you free from lumps before adding, little by little, cold water. Beat well and cook in a saucepan over a very slow fire till it thickens. Cook for five minutes more, even more slowly and beating practically all the time. Remove, cool and pour over the crushed biscuits, beating well together. When cold, decorate the top with blobs of red jam and put away in the coldest possible place until required.

★

mix together two tablespoonfuls each of powdered milk and dried egg powder, with one tablespoonful of soft sugar. Dilute with cold water, reducing to a thick cream. Beat this well, seeing that it is free from lumps. Now pour over the coffee—hot but not boiling, beating all the time. Cook till thick in a double boiler or a saucepan standing in boiling water, beating constantly. When this cream reaches boiling point, remove it and beat it until it begins to cool. Pour it over the chocolate cake, and put it away to get thoroughly cold.

CHEESE ICE

First make a batter with dried egg powder and powdered milk —two tablespoonfuls of each. Add salt and pepper, and a dash of red pepper. Cook in a double boiler, adding two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Beat while cooking until the mixture is quite thick. Cook, and put away in the refrigerator to freeze.

RHUBARB FLAN

This is really not a flan, which should have the custard underneath and the fruit on top. But it just goes the other way. First bake a short pastry crust in a tart tin and almost fill it with a *purée* of rhubarb (stewed with sugar or syrup and passed through a sieve). When cold pour over a layer of very thick custard, let this also cool, sprinkle with soft sugar and glaze quickly under a very hot grill. Serve cold but in this case not iced.

Robin Adair

ICED POLISH SOUP

COLD STUFFED TOMATOES

GÂTEAU ISABELLE

Cool Customer

GROWN people find high temperature weather either heavenly or very trying.

Babies and children react similarly though we are apt to think of them as cool customers, especially when life demands no greater exertion of them than lying in a pram or cot and watching other people work.

When babies are fretful in the heat, it is partly because they can take no measures to keep cool. Their diet remains unchanged while we are switching over to cooling foods and lighter clothing. Baby is dependent upon mother's initiative, and if she fails, he suffers accordingly and seldom in silence.

You don't drink piping hot soup yourself while the temperature is soaring, so it is hardly fair to give a bottle at winter temperatures and expect him to keep cool.

On a day when the weather gives you a thirst it is almost certainly giving him one too, so give him plenty of cooled boiled water or thin barley water to drink between feeds. It means more wet nappies, perhaps, but drying is easy in such weather and fluids aid perspiring which is Nature's safety-valve, and clears the system of the impurities engendered by the heat.

Little babies can spend all the daylight hours out of doors, but don't put the pram in the sun if it is a scorching day. Even though the pram shade is sheltering him, the fierce direct rays of sunshine render his piece of shade too airless. Far better to put the pram in the shade of a tree or in the shadow of the house and lower the shade a little more, so that air can circulate freely all round while his eyes are screened from the strong glare.

The health-giving violet rays of the sun penetrate into the shade so he misses nothing by being just out of the sun, but he gains something by getting more air and the advantage of any slight breeze.

Naturally, baby casts his quota of clouts in the heat, but he is helpless to indicate the onset of chill and his changing reactions must be watched to prevent his taking cold.

When we are very hot and perspire freely, then, because of a drop in temperature, or because perspiration has cooled the skin, we feel the first warnings of a shiver, so we cover up. The same thing happens to a baby, perhaps a little more so. He may easily get overheated and sticky with perspiration while sleeping in his pram or during the night. This is when chills are on the prowl.

Children who run about are particularly susceptible in this way. Their abundant energy keeps them on the move, promotes overheating and excessive perspiration. So watch for their sudden cooling.

Digestive upsets are commonplace with little children in hot weather. Summer diarrhœa—once a scourge, and a deadly one, before milk was pasteurized and higher standards of food cleanliness were in force—is still a danger. Even now it is as well to be more watchful of food during a heat wave, to ensure that baby's delicate digestive system is not offended. Many homes are without a refrigerator since the war made them unobtainable, and without one, only the most meticulous care can keep food fresh and free from infection.

Baby's milk should be boiled directly it comes in. If he is at the solid food stage keep everything he eats under muslin covers. Give him fruit and fruit juices by all means while they are plentiful, but do it with discretion. Enteritis is very prevalent while the fruit season is on. Make just sufficient food for each meal. This applies to dishes for older children, too.

Routine is all very well, but one must deviate a little from the established course to make really hot days and nights more tolerable for babies and little children.

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Gentlemen, "The King"

Many and varied are the traditions surrounding the drinking of the King's health in military messes. A goodly number of regiments do not toast His Majesty: others give the toast only on guest nights. So far from implying disrespect, this omission of the toast is really a mark of honour. Time was in the turbulent days when Jacobitism was still rife, when all officers were commanded to drink the King's health. But on dining in the messes of certain regiments the earlier Georges, graciously saying that the loyalty of the assembled officers was beyond question, granted the privilege of omitting the toast.

Whether the toast is honoured or not, however, is no indication of past loyalty, but due rather to the accident of a casual visit from the monarch.

One of the most striking rituals is that of The Gloucester Regiment—the old 28th Foot. Varying the usual formula when the President rising says "Mr. Vice the King," and the Vice President responds "Gentlemen, the King," the Vice President replies "Mr. President, the King" and no-one else speaks. The origin of this custom goes back to the Peninsular war when at the end of the day's fighting only two officers remained alive to honour the toast.

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In A Jam

JAM making is one of those things that nearly everyone can do but not so many can do well.

It is not so much that success is wrapped in mystery but that putting fruit into a pan and boiling it with sugar makes an edible mixture, and at that point we are inclined to rest content.

This is all very fine, but many harassed housewives would like to know why the latest batch of jam, though eatable, isn't really one hundred per cent success.

These are the important factors in jam making: use the right sort of vessel for cooking; have fruit in prime condition; protect the preserve from damp.

For good keeping, fruit should be just ripe and firm. The least suggestion of over-ripeness is fatal and the fruit must be carefully picked over before use. Discard bruised and soft fruit even if, at the time, it seems a little wasteful.

Use a very heavy metal pan with a thick bottom. Enamel saucepans chip, and thin ones burn the sugar. If you haven't a suitable preserving pan use an iron saucepan or a heavy aluminium one. If you haven't either, borrow one and if you can't borrow one, give up the whole idea.

Mould which forms on jam when it has been kept a while is always due to damp in some form or other. Damp jars will cause it, and it frequently happens that when the jars are put to warm before filling, condensation takes place inside, so that there is moisture in the jars when they are filled. Wipe the jars thoroughly before filling.

Covers should be fixed, in most cases, when the jam is very hot, except with strawberry, which should be allowed to set slightly before filling the jars. If it is stirred just before pouring the fruit remains suspended, otherwise it rises to the top and leaves the jelly at the bottom of the jars. It is too late, of course, for strawberries, but this is a hint worth remembering for next year.

Bottling fruit should present no snags if the basic rules are carefully followed.

If bottled fruit does not keep, it is either because the fruit was overripe or bruised or because the sealing is ineffective.

Fruit must be sound for bottling, a little under rather than overripe. It should be packed fairly tightly into the jars without cracking the skin. When using the oven method of preserving, where snap closures are fixed after heating the fruit in the oven, it is advisable to fill the jars a little overful. The fruit contracts in cooking and leaves a gap at the top of the jar.

When pouring boiling water on to the fruit in the jars, let it brim over. If the liquid spills when the lid is pressed into place it will not matter, you are ensuring a perfect vacuum inside the jar.

Never fail to test the covers when they have cooled. Remove the clip-fastener or the screw top, in the case of Kilner jars, and hold the jar up by the lid, then turn it upside down. If the lid is fast and there is no leakage from the sides, you may be sure the contents are safe. If clip tops are not a hundred per cent tight, slip a half-penny between the fastener and the lid.

Garden peas can be bottled successfully when they are young and tender. Shell the peas and boil them for five minutes. Strain and fill the jars, which should be warmed. Add one small teaspoonful of salt to each two-pound or three-pound jar. Pour boiling water on to within an inch of the top. Fasten down and stand the jars in the oven for three hours with the Regulo at mark ½.

The same method is good for tomatoes, but in this case small rather under-ripe fruits should be used and packed tightly into the hot jars. Add a teaspoonful of salt for every pound of tomatoes.

W. L.

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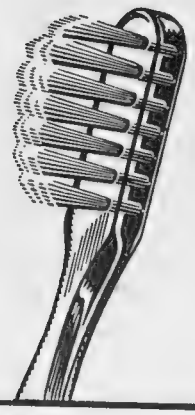

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Frontier Trail

(Continued from page 12)

her and then got ready for bed. Quietly she spread her bedding roll out on the berth and undressed. She washed and did her teeth and creamed her face methodically, put a net over her hair, climbed into her berth and turned out the light. Yes, I'm tidy-minded all right she thought. And I can keep a secret. But she could not sleep. The impact of Dolores on her ordered existence had been too great. She wanted to know more about her. She tried to imagine the dancer as a young girl at home, then making her debut, then whirling to fame in Paris, in Rome, in Berlin and London.

The regular rhythm of the train turned in her ears to the clash of castanets and the snapping of strong fingers. A vaguely-remembered Flamenco song throbbed at the back of her brain. Then the chug of the train broke in again.

"Chaperone!" it jeered. "Chaperone! Chaperone! Chaperone!" It must be the whisky, Sandra thought. It's gone to my head.

She pulled her torch from under her pillow and sat up in bed casting a dim light round the carriage and focusing it at last on the table. There were the empty glasses, the empty flask and the whisky bottle rattling against an ash tray full of cigarette ends. Behind the ice-flask lay the dressing case, open. And in the dressing case were the letters tied up in crimson ribbon. Sandra moved her torch and threw the light on to the other berth. There by the side of Dolores lay the novel with the last letter of the series in it for a marker. And Dolores was smiling in her sleep.

Just as she had been impelled to hold out her hand towards the letters earlier on, she was now moved to lean out of her bunk and take the bundle of letters from the dressing case. The red velvet ribbon was tied in a neat bow. She gave it a jerk and the letters showered in her lap.

And I've never even dreamed of glancing at another person's letters before, she thought as she collected them together with trembling fingers. Never in my life. She felt reckless, almost crazy. Passed by censor, said the rubber stamp mark. On Active Service. Passed by censor. Written in English. Active Service. Chaperone. Chaperone. Chaperone. And the train chugged round a bend. The Frontier Mail.

Sandra drew a hand wearily over her forehead, and then with determination and precision she took the letters from their envelopes one by one and proceeded to read the romance of Dolores. She read rapidly. And as she read she pieced together the story of a soldier's life on the North West Frontier.

It was the story of no ordinary soldier. There was tolerance in what he wrote and plenty of humour. You could see vividly the people he talked about. There were anecdotes, imaginative flashes of description, but somehow behind every word Sandra sensed a feeling of loneliness and frustration. Each letter had two or three pages and there was never anything personal, anything that is, personal for Dolores, till the end.

The final paragraphs of each letter were reminiscent and tender. They were more than that. They held a turbulent passion, barely withstrained, like a purple cloud ready to run into a torrent of rain. They gave Sandra the impression of a man who was fighting a losing battle, but a battle that he wanted to lose. And as she drew on towards the very end, she realized that she still did not know exactly what course the romance of Dolores had taken. All she knew was that the soldier was coming from the North West Frontier to meet her.

As she finished reading the last letter in the bundle the Frontier Mail drew into a station. She held her breath as Dolores turned over and brushed her black hair from her face and sighed in her sleep. Then she leaned out of her bunk and dropped the letters back into the dressing case.

The tinkle of tea cups woke her in the morning. Dolores fully dressed and sparkling stood beside her pouring out tea. The door of the compartment was open and sunlight streamed in together with the cries of sweet-sellers on a station platform.

"Sleeping it off, sister?" Dolores laughed. "I guess I told you a tale last night. I fairly got going, didn't I? Oh, well, forget it. Sorry if I was a bore."

"I wasn't bored," Sandra said. "Not for one second. I've not heard anything so interesting for ages as a matter of fact." She sat up and took the cup Dolores offered. "I was interested specially in one thing you said. I've been thinking about it, too. You remember, that bit about children having to go home from India? They do, you know. You can't keep them here. I know, because we've got a lot of old India hands in my family, and the children have always gone home as soon as possible. School, you know, and all that. So I expect this soldier's wife just had no choice."

"What d'you mean, no choice?" Dolores frowned. "She had to choose between her husband and her children and she chose her children. Anyway, skip it! Too early in the morning!"

"No really, I'll stop in just one minute," Sandra promised. "But I do think you should try to realize. I don't think you understand. You see these children out here in India—they're waited on hand and foot by servants, and they never learn to do anything for themselves, the way all children should. It's frightfully bad for their characters, just at the formative stage. They're in danger of being spoiled, really ruined for life, unless they go home to England. And they've got to have a proper education. They even pick up queer English here. So you see . . . p'raps she had to go. P'raps it was dreadfully hard for her having to part from her husband like that."

"Look here," Dolores cut in. "Just what is this? A young women's purity campaign? You don't know the first thing about life, sister. That's your trouble. Anyhow, profit from what I tell you and if you ever give up this career of yours and get married remember just this—any man left on his own is a man in danger."

Dolores sounded half amused, half angry. But Sandra didn't seem to notice. She sat bolt upright in her white nightgown, brown hair tumbling round her shoulders and an anxious expression on her face as she struggled for the right words.

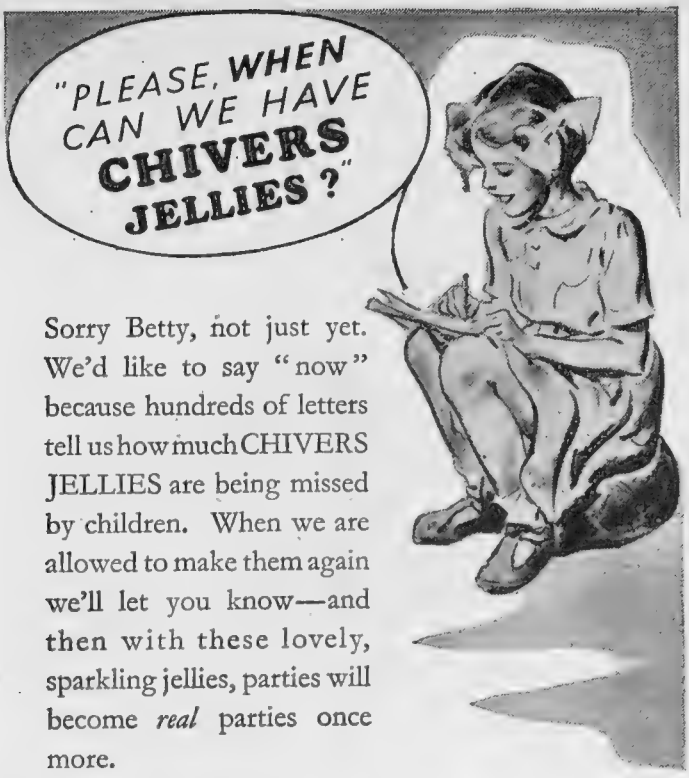
"Do you really believe that?" she asked. "I won't think it's true. Surely there's such a thing as loyalty? And surely, Dolores, you wouldn't do anything to break that loyalty down? I don't think you would. Not if you'd really thought the whole thing out. You'd never forgive yourself. You'd never be happy."

"You're a funny kid, Sandra." Dolores lit a cigarette. "You're just talking about things you don't understand. I guess you've lived in a sheltered world. Forgive myself? The only thing I'll not forgive myself for now is failure. That's all there is to it. What do I care about a woman I've never seen? Why should I? She's had a run for her money anyway. It's my turn now."

"Did he ever tell you anything about her?"

"No, he didn't." Dolores spun round on her heel from the door. "He didn't, see? He just wouldn't talk about her. And, anyway, I don't want to know. I don't want to think about her or her children. I don't care where they are and I don't give a damn what happens to them. And do stop being morbid! You've done what you think is your duty to your fellow-Englishwoman I suppose. And if you ask me, it's high time you minded your own business before you get me really cross. It's my own fault, I know for telling such a little innocent anything about it. But you can blame your own whisky for that. There! I've said my piece. Now get up and be ready for breakfast at the next station."

The Sandra that walked to the restaurant car down the baking platform of the country station where monkeys chattered and frisked among *(Continued on page 54)*



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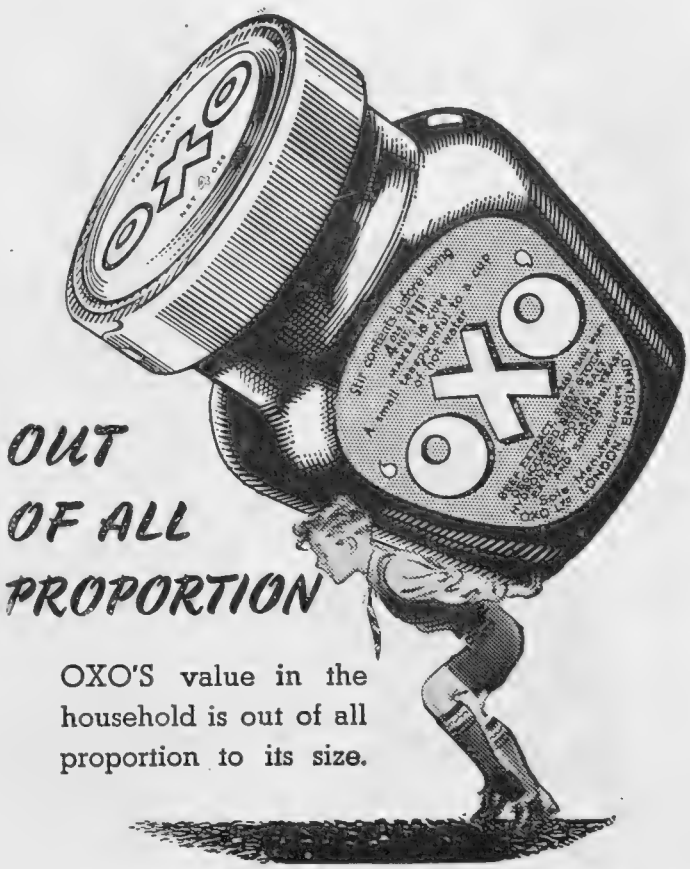

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tree branches was a new and different woman. It was as though the personality of Dolores, the sophistication of Dolores, and the clash with Dolores had in some way changed her. When she boarded the train at Bombay her fellow-passengers had not wasted a second glance on her, apart from the ginger subaltern, and he had rewarded her with the bitter designation "chaperone." Sandra remembered this with satisfaction as the man with the spaniel gave her an appraising look and a general tugged thoughtfully at a fringy edge of white moustache and stared just that fraction of a second longer than good manners allow.

Away in the bottom of her suitcase were the correct and rather dreary light-weight tweeds she had intended for her arrival in the colder climate of autumnal Delhi. Instead she wore a blue sharkskin suit, model of a famous fashion house, cut with all the artistry that conceals art. It was her one wartime extravagance and she had meant to keep it for a big occasion. But after all, arriving in Delhi was going to be a big occasion, she thought. She had become tinged with Dolores' outlook.

And the suit, the pre-war stockings, still more the new assurance and purposefulness that Sandra had put on with them, drew from Dolores what can only be described as a long, low whistle.

"Who'd have thought it?" she demanded. "Who on earth would have thought it? Turn round, sister! My! Don't you tell me any more you're just a career girl, because I won't believe it. Files, and secret papers and what have you, my foot! I'd stake my last dollar the boy-friend is waiting somewhere in India, or he soon will be if you go around in these desert parts looking like a bit of *The Tatler* come to life. Out with it, dark horse! Let's be hearing. Who's the heart-throb?"

They settled in the dining-car where they attracted a good deal of covert attention, for they provided a striking contrast in types. At the far end of the car a couple of subalterns had a heated discussion over which of the two they would choose if they could, and a fat, middle-aged Sikh at the table opposite eyed them with a candour of expression that would have amounted to insolence in an Englishman. To such phenomena Dolores was accustomed. Sandra was not.

"Well," she said diffidently, "as a matter of fact there is someone in India I'm very fond of. At least I think he's in India. I haven't heard from him for ages. I may not be lucky. Who knows?" She laughed and began to peel an orange.

"So you thought you'd go out after your man," Dolores nodded with approval. "More in you than meets the eye. Good luck to you, that's what I say. Men want all the fun and none of the responsibility. I know them. I hope you get him on toast."

As the day wore on to evening and the Frontier Mail, like a purposeful caterpillar, threaded its way across the baking plains of Rajputana, the two of them spoke less and less. Even Dolores seemed to have revealed as much of herself as her exhibitionist personality demanded. Her spirits flagged in a way she was accustomed to before a performance. For, in spite of her seeming self-confidence, Dolores suffered tortures of nervousness before she danced. Once the opening bars of music sounded and the first steps were taken she was safe, she was away in a dream world. She was enduring all these pre-performance sensations now.

As darkness unheralded by twilight blotted out the landscape they collected their luggage together, put away their books and papers, and prepared for their journey's end. Sandra shook her short sable cape and swung it round her shoulders.

"We should arrive in about five minutes now," she said. "Do you know where you are staying?"

"Yes," Dolores laughed. "We're staying at the Cecil, a nice respectable family hotel. I wired for a room for Colonel and Mrs. Lomas. Me as the Colonel's lady is a pretty good joke, isn't it? Still, there have been worse."

"I suppose there have." Sandra sounded dubious. "Look we're drawing in! We're here! We're here!" And the Frontier Mail slowed down as it entered Old Delhi station.

Dolores stood by the open door peering out into the night, while Sandra sat in the cane chair, drumming her toes on the floor, waiting, sharing the expectancy.

"Harry!" Dolores called out. "Harry! Here I am!"

And she jumped down on to the platform and stretched out her hands to a tall and powerfully built man, tossing back her head and laughing as she grasped his strong fingers in her own. He drew her towards him and looked down at the upturned face.

"Dolores!" And the very way he said her name was a caress. "It's good to see you."

They stood just looking at each other's faces in the dim lamp light, searching the well-known features with hungry eyes, rediscovering expressions carefully carried in the memory, for several seconds; seconds that seemed like minutes to Sandra framed in the door of the train, watching the meeting.

Suddenly he looked up, drawn by the intensity of her gaze. He looked across Dolores' shoulder and he dropped her hands and his lips formed Sandra's name, but no sound came from them. Following his tense expression Dolores turned round and saw Sandra step out of the train and run towards them.

"Harry, my darling!" Sandra cried. "How lovely of you to come and meet me! What a perfect surprise! However did you know?"

She ignored Dolores and reached up and put her arms round Harry's neck and stood on tip-toe to kiss him. Dolores was speechless for the first time in her life. She stood with her crimsoned lips slightly apart, her arms limp by her sides, an unbelieving look in her dark eyes. Then Sandra began to play her hand, carefully, deliberately, assessing its strength.

"Just fancy your knowing Miss Alverez, Harry!" she said, turning slightly and admitting the presence of Dolores. "We've had such a pleasant trip together. It's been wonderful to meet a real artist, and to hear about all these people who are so remote from our humdrum lives. I'm very grateful. Very thrilled. And I'm so pleased we've both met you, Miss Alverez. It's been a big experience for me. I'm sure it has for my husband, too."

She could scarcely keep the appeal out of her voice. The appeal to Dolores to keep things on a sane footing, to play fair and square, to take defeat gracefully and with breeding. But suddenly Dolores came to life.

"Your husband!" she cried. "*You* are Harry's wife!"

The coolies had taken the luggage out of the coach and out of the brake and they were thronging around waiting for instructions.

"Sahib!" one of them insisted. "Sahib! Taxi, sahib? Car? Where to, sahib?"

Harry waved them aside. He made a wide sweeping movement with his arms as if to thrust the coolies out of the way. It was really a gesture against the disaster which impinged upon him. Then he lifted Sandra's hand and covered it with both his own.

"Yes," he said quietly. "Sandra is my wife."

"Shall we go, Harry?" Sandra said. "The coolies are getting impatient. Now Harry is here, Miss Alverez, I shan't need the room that's been reserved for me at the Swiss Hotel. Is it any use to you? I shall go with my husband."

Dolores took no notice of her. She addressed herself to Harry.

"Harry Lomas," she said, "I'll never forgive you for (*Continued on page* 56)

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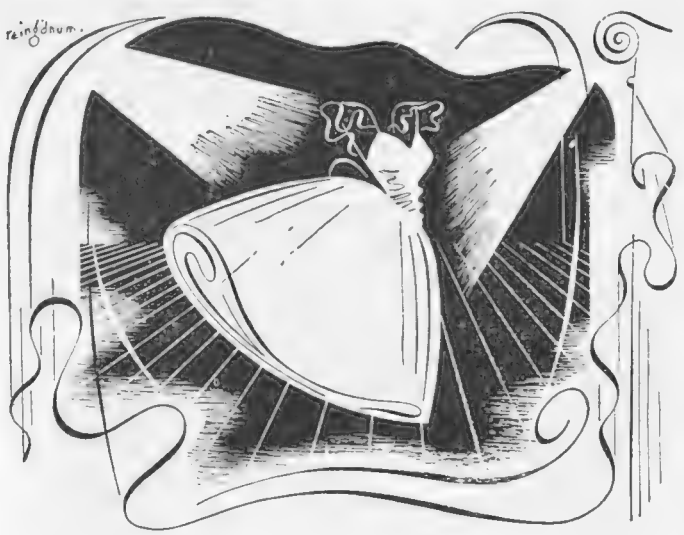

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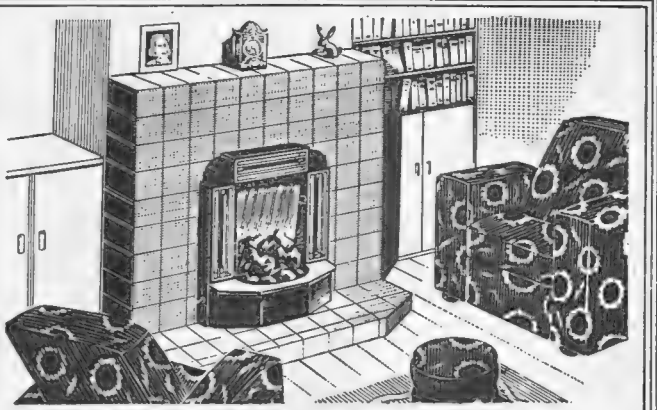

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this as long as I live. And you shall pay for it. As much as I loved you I hate you now. I hate you and I despise you. I thought you were different from the rest. But you're not. All men are weak, cowardly worms. But you've made one mistake. I don't think those ardent letters of yours are going to do you any good with your precious family or your precious career. And I've kept every word you ever wrote to me. Treasured everything you ever said, every look, every touch you ever gave me. I could kill myself for being such a credulous fool. I should have known better. Well, I've got my bitter cup, I'll drink it. But so shall you, Harry Lomas."

She turned on her heel and ordered the coolies to put her luggage back into the Frontier Mail. She was only just in time and the train bore her and her unhappiness and her desperation away to a destination unknown.

Sandra and Harry sat in the car hand in hand. They didn't speak. There was a fire in their sitting-room at the hotel and Harry drew a chair up to it for Sandra.

"Well?" he said. "What are you going to do, Sandra?"

"Do?" she repeated. "Why nothing, except never leave you lonely any more. Harry, my dear, I've learned a lot. I'm grateful in a way to Dolores. I know things about you that I never realized before. Harry, I love you so much, darling! Nothing can ever come between us now."

Harry knelt down beside her contritely.

"I've been such a fool, Sandra," he said. "Do you really mean you can forgive me? I don't deserve it. I don't deserve anyone so wonderful as you. So good. I must have been crazy! Out of my mind! If you can only give me this chance! If only you can trust me! Sandra!"

She stroked his dark head.

"I knew something pretty drastic was happening to you," she said. "I sensed it. That's why I came. And I'm going to stay."

She opened her handbag and took out her wedding ring, and laughed.

"Look, Harry!" she said. "I took it off in the train. I saw your writing on a letter. And what's more I'm going to have a bonfire."

She took a bundle of closely written pages from her bag, tore them in two and threw them into the fire.

"All the last pages, Harry!" she explained. "I knew just where to look for the dangerous bits! And there's your last letter complete! I pinched it when we were packing up. I've not read it."

She threw the letter into the fire and watched the flames licking round the edges.

"Harry, darling," she said. "I could do with a large Scotch whisky. What about yourself?"

END

The Glory Of The Trees

(Continued from page 29)

Forestry Commission recommends the afforestation of five million acres, including land hitherto unproductive beyond affording grazing for hill-sheep. It also proposes increased grants and loans to private owners of woodlands for more intensive cultivation of timber-producing trees, either hardwoods or softwoods. Scientific forestry on a large scale, including a substantial replacement of the hardwoods, is absolutely imperative for Britain's future security, whilst, incidentally, it would ameliorate our water supply, the fertility of the farmlands and the beauty of the countryside. Furthermore, much of our home-grown timber is superior to that imported.

Old craftsmen—few now survive—who dwelt amongst the woods, fashioning furniture and household utensils with astonishing skill and care, discriminated wisely in tree-felling. They conserved the timber essential for continual future use and gave profound thought to the regeneration of the woodlands. These are the basic principles of sound sylviculture; and it is interesting to note that the Forestry Commission stresses the urgency for better management of woodlands along these lines after the war.

Now that the Ministry of Agriculture is responsible for the "activities" of the Forestry Commission a beneficial alliance between farming and forestry should ultimately ensue.

END

Books

(Continued from page 41)

virtuoso touch so sure, so skilful, that no connoisseur of the novel should miss it. It spans two worlds, the Sacred and Profane, as Sebastian does when he admits that he prays every day: "Oh God, make me good, but not yet," and then turns to the "News of the World" with "Another naughty scoutmaster!"

MR. PAUL TABORI has taken a timely theme for "Bricks Upon Dust" (Hodder & Stoughton, 8s 6d.). The dust is all that is left of a war-racked town in eastern Europe; the bricks are the new life which the survivors try to build up when they emerge batlike from cellars and caves in the hills. Even in this rebuilding there is more conflict and bloodshed, but the building goes on because it must. It is a vivid story of war's tragic aftermath—man's unquenchable hope.

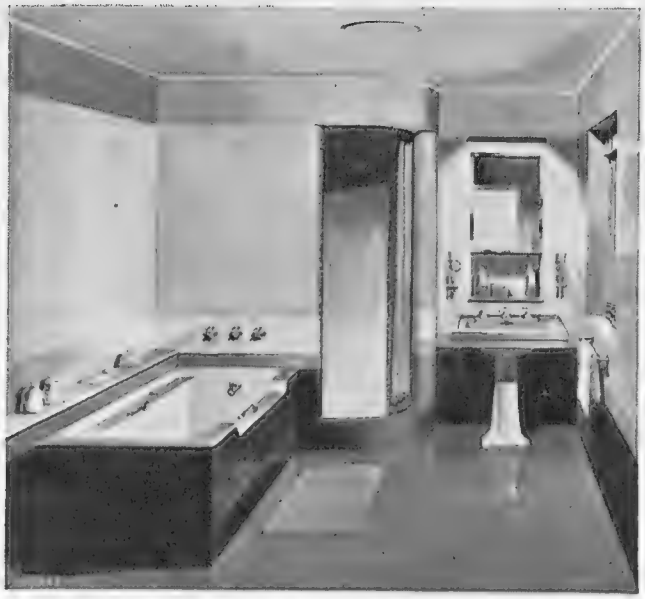
MAN'S unconquerable spirit, even under Nazi persecution, shines also in Mr. Kressmann Taylor's "Until That Day" (Skeffington, 10s. 6d.), the earnest story of a German pastor of the Niemoeller breed who fights the Nazi plan to control the Church and use it for political ends. Karl Hoffmann proves by his courage and sufferings that "the men who trust in the forces of physical power can conquer but they cannot win. They have no weapon which can penetrate the reaches of the spirit." Told in the first person, it convinces as a narrative based on fact, and will specially interest all church people.

ANOTHER story with a religious background is Mr. J. M. Hartley's "The Way" (Harrap, 8s. 6d.), set in the Palestine of Christ's boyhood. It tells of the Roman centurion Severus, deputed by Cæsar Augustus to watch the Jews and keep order, and the complications that ensued when he took to himself a Jewish mistress, Leah. "Had he not been untrue to the iron principles of duty in letting tendrils of love twine round his innermost thoughts and desires? Had not the Emperor admonished him to enjoy the body but eschew the soul? The woman had softened him." The Roman scenes have a Matania opulence, but the spelling of "Yesus" jars.

When an old London house has been in the family ninety-nine years, and the last occupant, an old general, must give up the lease, what better time for telling that family's romantic story? Miss Rumer Godden tells it, with cut-backs which scorn any chronological plan, in "A Fugue in Time" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.), enriching it with the love of two young people, each distantly linked with its story, who come to it in wartime. If you have ever felt that houses have ghosts you will like this book—though they do pop in and out in a jumble of periods.

Miss Amy J. Baker's "Three Young Maids of Lee" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) is also a family chronicle—of three sisters who grew up in a North Devon manor-house, and their divergent careers—one leading to mission work, the second to an elopement with a Frenchman, the third to an asylum after the renunciation of love on religious grounds. A quiet, appealing story; but why should its country folk talk without their rich Devon dialect?

If you're married *(Continued on page 58)*



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to a doctor who puts profession first, and go to France, and meet a romantic artist in Provençal sunshine. . . . Well, perhaps Valerie can be excused thinking she can love two men at the same time in Miss Norah C. James's "One Bright Day" (Cassell, 8s. 6d.), especially as the triangle is squared without undue stress. Miss James has a nostalgic interest in French holiday background, and that gives her tale a warm appeal in these times, when so many Valeries would gladly risk a Latin flirtation for a glimpse of the "Côte d'Azure."

Brisk and breathtaking are the words for Mr. James Norman's "An Inch of Time" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.), which shows a U.S. hero and heroine working as secret agents in occupied China against a ruffian general who is helping the Jap heroin traffic. Popgun play abounds, but a grasp of the Chinese and Jap background makes it more than just a thriller.

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers :—

"The World is Square," by Hermione Gingold (Home & Van Thal, 7s. 6d.). The first instalment of an amusing autobiography.

"Lucky Bucky in Oz," written and illustrated by John R. Neill ("Hutchinson's Books for Young People," 6s. 6d.). A riotous, thrilling and intriguingly ridiculous book which children will relish.

"The Changed Village," by Ursula Bloom (Chapman & Hall, 12s. 6d.). In this book the author has paused for a while in a quiet backwater of her swift-moving literary career and gives the reader a comparative picture of village life in England yesterday and to-day.

"Marching Soldier." A poem by Joyce Cary (Michael Joseph, 2s. 6d.).

"The Land is in Good Heart," by Francis Dale (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.). A story of farming life in England and the difficulties and complexities which beset the average farmer in 1943-44.

"Panic in Pursuit," by Simon Dewes (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.). A detective story, the solution of which can be worked out by any reader who follows the clues throughout the book.

"Auguste Renoir 'Les Parapluies'," by Clive Bell (Percy Lund Humphries & Co. Ltd., 4s. 6d.). Number six of this series of Gallery Books.

END

Weird Trumpeters Of Beauty

(Continued from page 15)

like blowing soap bubbles in that only round shapes can be produced, so whenever any other shape is required the metal must be blown into a mould—thus the body of a square bottle is blown into a square iron box, the round neck being finished off by hand.

After the glass-blower has finished shaping the piece he has in hand he detaches it from the punty and gives it to his "boy," who takes it from him in a cleft stick or on a wooden tray and runs with it to the "Lehr," or annealing oven, where it cools down very gradually, about twenty hours being allotted to this.

Few realize that all the glass in a stained glass window, which they see in a church or cathedral, was made first in cylindrical form and subsequently spread out into flat sheets.

The first process in making a "muff" is to blow a hollow cylinder, leaving a knob at the end furthest from the iron. This knob is knocked off and in the hole so produced the blower inserts his tool and with it opens out that end to the same diameter as the centre; this end is then fixed to a hot disc of metal, called a "post" of the same diameter; the other end is then cracked off from the iron and in its turn is opened out to form a complete cylinder, called a muff from its shape.

The muff then has to be spread into a flat sheet; it is split with a diamond from end to end and is then introduced into a well-heated "spreading" kiln with the split side uppermost. The heat in the kiln is such that the glass gradually melts and the muff collapses. The spreader helps nature by stroking the glass with the end of a long iron rod and flattening it on to the bed of the kiln. As soon as the sheet is flat it is pushed into a cooler chamber for annealing and is left there for several days.

Cutting, so called, is used mainly to decorate the surface of the glass; the word is really a misnomer, as the effect is produced by grinding away the glass on wheels of iron or stone. As a rule there are three stages in cutting: roughing, smoothing and polishing.

Each cutter sits in front of a large trough over the centre of which is suspended a flat circular disk with its edge facing him. For the first or roughing process this disk or wheel is of iron and over it is slung a large metal hopper filled with a mixture of sand and water, which is allowed to trickle down on to the wheel through a hole in the bottom. The cutter presses the glass against the wheel, where the wet sand eats into its surface at the point of contact; he watches what is happening through the thick end of the glass and regulates the depth and extent of the abrasion of its surface by altering the pressure and shifting the position of the glass at will, using either the side or the edge of the wheel according to the nature of the pattern, etc.

This first roughing process leaves the surface of the glass granular and opaque. The next process, smoothing, is similar in many respects, but now the wheel is a stone one of very fine grain, and water only is used to moisten it and keep it cool. The cutter goes over the roughened surface on this smoothing wheel and removes all the coarse granular texture, leaving it very nearly transparent, but dull and lifeless in appearance. The third and last process, polishing, is done on a cork wheel or one of stiff bristles fed with a paste of putty powder, which brings up the surface of the glass to a condition of brilliance.

Although many of the technical terms are taken from the medieval Italian the craftsmanship of glass making is essentially a British thing. The loveliness of old Irish Waterford and Scottish Jacobite glass is as characteristic as that of the English goblets made in glasshouses such as that of the Whitefriars, a glass works still operating today though it sprang up on the site of a Carmelite monastery in the heart of London and was mentioned by Pepys in his Diary.

Weird trumpeters of beauty still have to fashion the glass in its primary form just as they did in the ancient British glasshouses established in these islands by the Romans.

Among the few modern processes introduced into glasshouses has been that of etching with hydro-fluoric acid, which alone has the property of eating into glass. The article is first coated with a resinous film—the "resist"—through which the design is traced by a needle, after this is dipped into a gutta-percha vat of acid which rapidly attacks the exposed lines. It is then transferred to a tank of warm water while the "resist" is dissolved in benzine and the pattern becomes visible. Frosted effects are similarly obtained by adding ammonia to the acid. Sand-blasting is another method of obscuring glass; the parts to remain bright and clear are protected by blotting-paper which has been soaked in gum and stuck on the sheet of glass. A frosty surface may also be achieved by plunging the hot bulb at the end of the blowpipe into cold water. This action produces crystallization of convex fractures with a polished interior but with concave intervening fissures, caused by first chilling and then reheating in the furnace-mouth, and blowing it into the desired shape.

In this manner the crystals are separated one from the other leaving minute fissures. The glass would thus appear far from whole but when struck it gives forth a true ringing tone.

END

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England's Most Popular Horseman

(*Continued from page* 23)

Hablot K. Browne, as a stripling, won a prize for a spirited etching of a scene from the poem, and years later—when his association with Dickens had made the name "Phiz" a household word—he returned to the subject. The effort (reproduced here) is full of life and movement. The post-boy (sent out by Mrs. Gilpin) heads the chase, and there is such a mêlée of geese, pigs and dogs that the poor old apple-woman who has been rudely upset, must imagine the end of the world has come.

Two coloured, undated pictures have much appeal. The first, with two verses of the poem included, shows Gilpin with stirrups lost and depending on his steed's mane for support. Both hat and wig have gone, but cloak and wine still appear intact. In the foreground a game of skittles is in progress, though the tankard of beer thoughtfully provided by the player, has been knocked over by frightened porkers. The Inn in the background cannot be the "Bell" since the sign exhibits a human-faced crescent moon. In the second there is a series of small vignettes grouped round a larger one of the runaway. Not the least arresting study is that of John himself, grandly arrayed as a "train-band captain," with cocked hat, uniform and sword complete.

Cruickshank contributed some six illustrations to the poem in 1828, and although Thackeray always averred that this artist could not draw a horse, the effort illustrated on page 22 is quite excellent. The "Bell" displays the somewhat vulgar sign of "Tunbelly" and from its balcony Mrs. Gilpin and family wave frantically. The landlord himself, of portly habit, looks aghast at the scene, as do the guests seated at the downstairs open windows. Cruickshank's familiar "G.C." appears on the doorpost of the hostelry.

Stothard, one of the most prolific book illustrators of all time, executed an engraving, in panoramic style, of a scene from the poem. The incident chosen must be taken from the inward journey, since "six gentlemen upon the road" have joined the chase: the seventh no doubt is the post-boy. In one corner is a delightfully rustic group consisting of a boy with a hoop, a milk-maid complete with pails suspended from a yoke, and two other figures. The *Leisure Hour* of 1863, reproduced an illustration in colour. The incident is substantially the same as that chosen by Stothard as regards matter; in manner it very much resembles the efforts of the juvenile "Phiz." C. A. Doyle also did some six pictures in colour for an edition of the poem in 1866. He depicts John as a corpulent figure, with a florid face suggestive of too much port. His pretty wife is apparently just getting round her spouse to undertake the outing to the "Bell." That John is not displeased by her overtures is apparent by the way he chucks her under the chin. On the counter are displayed the linen-draper's wares.

One of the illustrations shown on page 23 is an original sketch prepared by Randolph Caldecott for his John Gilpin Picture Book. In the opinion of most collectors Caldecott remains the John Gilpin illustrator *par excellence*, and of all the items comprising his famous series of Juvenile Books, this remains perhaps the most popular. This article unfortunately can only deal with a very few of the many pictorial studies of the subject, and has been forced to omit mention of contemporary illustrations by Westall, Rowlandson, Percy Cruickshank, Thurston and a host of other artists.

In closing this brief summary it should be remarked that the actual ride was re-enacted at Olney on the 13th June, 1931, when Capt. S. L. Trevor (a former county cricketer) played the part of Gilpin to perfection, even to the extent of smashing the precious bottles with the "curling ears"! Of the uneasy times in which we now live it might be suggested that to read through *John Gilpin* again will dissipate even a severe fit of the blues.

END

Solving The Impasse In India

(*Continued from page* 16)

criticized the Congress attitude. "In Britain's darkest hour they (Congress) had been ready to destroy her. Now in the hour of victory they were imploring Britain to show magnanimity and to help them rescue their prestige damaged by the failure of that revolt."

With their changed outlook one might have thought Congress would withdraw their challenge to the British Government to "Quit India" and so make a new approach possible. But that would weaken their approach to the masses. The British Government must climb down, not Congress. The new approach must be made to appear a Congress victory.

It is against this background that the new offer now made to political India by the British Government must be considered. Some may think the action taken was unnecessary. The war effort had developed overpowering momentum; two and a half million men had voluntarily enlisted in the army; nearly as many were working in the munitions and other factories, pouring out military material or working on roads and aerodromes. The Princes with their hundred million people were solidly behind the Indian Government; the Punjab, that breeding ground of soldiers, had sent over half a million men to the colours; independent Nepal had provided over a hundred thousand Gurkhas. War finance was on a sound basis. A strong Council composed of eleven leading Indian statesmen and three British members was administering the central government, in four of the provinces popular ministries were working. A comprehensive policy of economic reconstruction had been framed likely to appeal to the popular imagination, especially to the politically minded middle classes of the towns. Success in Burma had added to the prestige of the Government.

With all this the Viceroy and his advisers felt that it would be an advantage from the military point of view to have a greater measure of popular support; to implement their economic policy it was felt that such support was indispensable.

The offer is unquestionably generous. Indeed it goes as far as most politicians expected. The Viceroy's council is to be completely Indianized with the exception of the Viceroy and the War Minister. To induce the Moslem League to accept office they are to have equality of representation with the caste Hindus in Congress, viz: 40 per cent; the other 20 per cent goes to the Sikhs and untouchables. The Mahasabha, the powerful party of orthodox Hinduism, which bitterly opposes the principle of equal representation between Hindus and Moslems, has not been invited to the conference. The result may be trouble.

The Viceroy has hitherto held the portfolio of foreign affairs. This now goes to an Indian. So do the key portfolios of finance and of the Home Department. The Viceroy's power of intervention remains, but if a strong united council should come into being, there would be no question of a veto except in a crisis. The Cripps offer stands.

Will Congress grasp the hand of friendship thus extended to them? If they do much will be gained and the way to an ultimate settlement opened. If they remain implacable, if within the Council they work for their own hand, collapse will be inevitable.

Many rocks would lie ahead of the new council. Pandit (*Continued on page* 62)

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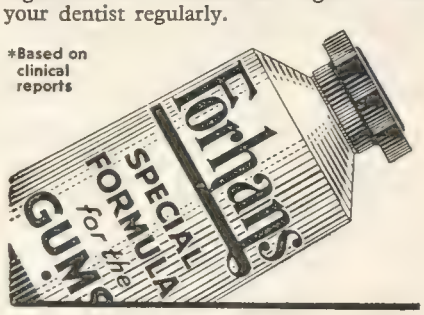

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Nehru is the Congress international expert and Congress would unquestionably expect him to be Foreign Minister. Would he, hating the Empire as he does, be ready to consult Imperial interests? How would he react to a Moslem demand that India should give her moral support to Arab claims in Palestine, Syria, or North Africa against the French? Trouble might easily arise over the resettlement of Moslem peasant soldiers, between Hindu and Moslem ministries. How would a Hindu Home Minister deal with savage outbreaks of Hindu-Moslem rioting in Moslem provinces such as occurred in Bengal, Sind and the Punjab three or four years ago?

Congress attitude to the Japanese war might cause difficulty. Apart from Gandhi's pacifism, Congress are inclined to let down the Japanese lightly. In fact the *Hindustan Times* suggested the advisability of coming to terms with Japanese big business.

What will be the attitude of the new government (if formed) to the Princes? As before, their relations will be with the Viceroy as Crown Representatives, but they will have no influence in policy and if there should be trouble between them and the Central Government in the economic field, or in such matters as Congress political activities in the States or Congress attacks on the Princes in the Press, the Viceroy might find it difficult to maintain a strictly impartial attitude. The fact that avowed enemies of the States such as Nehru and Patel might be in the Government must naturally alarm the Princes. They have not forgotten Gandhi's warning on the eve of the Congress rebellion.

Solving The Impasse In India

It is doubtful whether unanimity could be secured in the proposed government for a policy that would give preference in the economic field to the demobilized peasant soldier. A weak policy in that respect might lead to disaster. Now the big business elements that control Congress place the emphasis on the expansion of industry rather than on rural uplift. A more equitable division of village lands between absentee landlord and peasant worker would go a long way towards removing agrarian unrest. Landlord influence, however, is strong in Congress; it would oppose any such action. A lightening of the burden of rural debt, is an essential preliminary to rural prosperity. Several hundred million sterling are involved. Is there any hope that Congress financiers would agree to the diversion of so large an amount from industry to the villages? The Indian Government with its existing council might have successfully handled the great problem of economic reform especially if they had the moral support of the British Government behind them as well as the co-operation of British industries on terms acceptable to India.

Let us hope that all difficulties will be overcome and that this great adventure in the political field in India may not only dissipate frustration and bitterness but restore friendship between Britain and India and lead to harmony among the opposing factions in political India.

END

Two Hundred Years Ago (*Continued from page* 21)

Laurence Sterne later caricatured him as Doctor Slop in *Tristram Shandy*.

Burton had come to live in Red House, near the Minster, and on hearing of the Young Pretender's successes in the North even he was concerned, largely on account of some property on the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire which he calculated would lie in the path of the rebels just when his rents were due! After seeking local advice and hurrying over to investigate matters for himself, he was arrested by the Highlanders, yet was later accused by his own townsmen of having invited the rebels to come to York! His Scottish captors had soon released him, but on reaching York he had to face his accusers who committed him to York Castle. Later he was removed in custody to London where he actually found himself in the company of Flora Macdonald and Malcolm McLeod, who had devised Prince Charles's escape after Culloden.

Burton was released early in 1747; three months later Flora Macdonald and McLeod were released, when they visited their ex-prison friend at York. During this visit Flora described how she had arranged the Prince's escape and her story went into the book, "A genuine and true Journal of the most miraculous escape of the Young Chevalier, by an Englishman," which Burton published in 1749.

In Whitby they tell a story concerning the black pearl necklace which Prince Charles out of gratitude gave Flora Macdonald for helping him to escape after Culloden. The necklace was said to be worth far more than the £30,000 set as a price on the rebel's head, and when, during his exile in France, Charles was badly in need of money, Flora—they say—sent the necklace to him. But the ship—a French vessel—chosen to take it was chased at sea and went down with all hands and contents, off the coast near Whitby.

Temple Newsam, near Leeds, has its own commentary on the Rebellion in the ceiling of the Long Gallery, that elegant apartment made for Henry, 7th Viscount Irwin in 1738-45. Two centuries earlier Lord Darnley had been educated at Temple Newsam; political intrigues concerning his advancement to the English throne had been plotted there. Meanwhile Temple Newsam had changed hands and Prince Charles Edward, the last male claimant to the blood of Darnley, found the 7th Viscount a staunch loyalist. As Lord-Lieutenant of the East Riding, Irwin was responsible for checking the Pretender's advance through Yorkshire, and the medallion portraits of George II and twelve members of his family which adorn the plaster ceiling of his new gallery, are a memorial of the part that Irwin played in the suppression of the Rebellion.

Several Scottish districts, Glen Garry, for example, still bear the marks of English vengeance upon the rebels. A policy of "clearances" was carried out, which meant that extensive areas of land had their houses burned down to teach the insurgents a lesson.

It is at York, however, that you get one of the most circumstantial stories of the Rebellion's sequel. The display of traitors' heads on the turrets of Micklegate Bar was a hoary custom. The bar was last used for this grisly purpose after the Battle of Culloden. In November, 1746, two of the ten men who, for their part in the rising, had been convicted of high treason, had their heads spiked on the bar and they remained there—as a warning—for eight years!

Then, one January morning in 1754, they were gone. Somebody had stolen them. The Lord Mayor, who climbed to the top of the bar to investigate for himself, received an indignant letter from the Duke of Newcastle a few days later, ordering him to seek out diligently "the authors, contrivors or abettors of this wicked, traitorous and outrageous proceeding."

Eventually the "crime" was fixed upon William Arundel, a tailor of York, who, prompted no doubt by a mixture of mercy and disgust, had probably buried the grim mementoes. He was tried during Lent, 1755, and imprisoned for two years.

A man who claimed to be the last of the Stuarts has left his memory, albeit a faded one, at Berwick-on-Tweed. Known locally as "Jimmy Strength" because of his prodigious muscular powers, he was 114 years of age when he died in 1842. His father was General John Stuart and his grandmother, the Lady of Airlee. He claimed descent from the Young Pretender himself and fought at Culloden, yet there is no tablet or inscription of any kind on the dilapidated statue of him which still stands in Palace Green, Berwick. The figure wears a top hat and carries the fiddle by which Berwick folk would prefer to remember this curious relic of Stuartry.

END

The woebegone lady hasn't discovered those miracles of science—rayons branded 'Tebilized'! They reject wrinkles, as wool does, and normal washing methods won't rob them of this power. Remember, only fabrics which reach a particular standard of crease-resistance are *allowed* to be marked 'Tebilized.'

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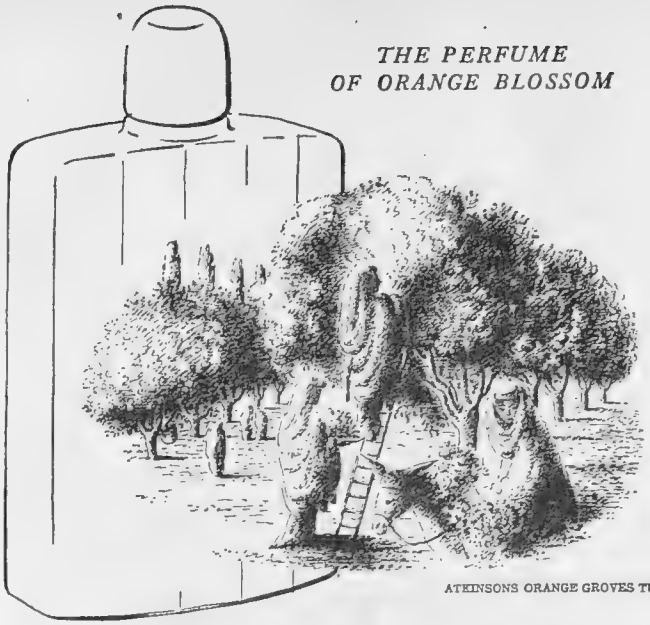
THE PERFUME OF ORANGE BLOSSOM



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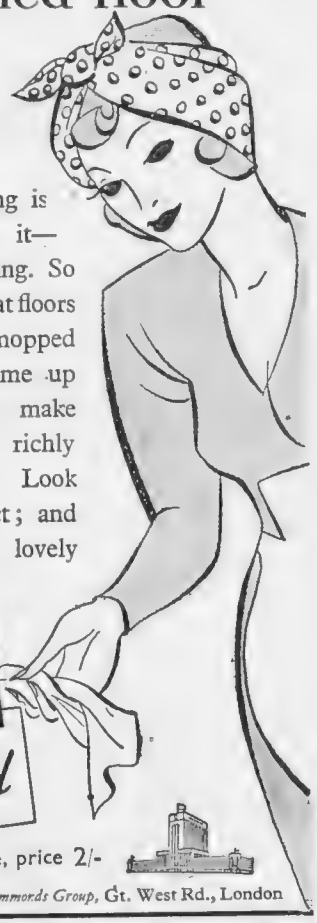

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★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

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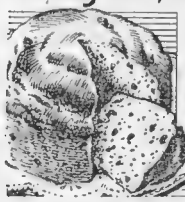

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Borwick's Baking Powder used with plain flour removes the doubt from baking, because you can vary the amount of "raising" for different mixtures.

BORWICK'S OWN FRUIT CAKE

8 ozs. flour; 2 ozs. sugar; 1 teaspoon mixed spice; 4 ozs. fat; 3 tablespoons dried egg; 2 ozs. chopped dates; 4 ozs. raisins or sultanas; 1 dessertspoon syrup; 5 tablespoons milk for mixing; 2 teaspoons Borwick's Baking Powder; Almond essence to taste.

Sift flour, Borwick's and spice together. Cream fat, egg and sugar together. Add syrup, fruit and flavouring. Work flour in gradually with the milk till mixture is soft, but not wet. Bake in hot oven for one hour, reducing heat to moderate after first ten minutes.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

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Hurrah, BERMALINE BREAD for tea!

Good, pure, delicious food. A treat to eat— and easily digested.

Baked by good Bakers everywhere.

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Cephos REG'D

Proprietors Sea-foss THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Cephos Ltd., Blackburn

Nature's Armoured Brigade

(*Continued from page 24*)

some of them may have been centenarians when they died.

As far as I am aware it is a turtle, known as the Aldabra turtle, which has lived the longest of any wild, or domestic, creature. One of these creatures is credibly reported to have lived 250 years!

Although to all appearances sluggish and incapable of quick movement chelonians can move with surprising speed at times. Some species can move on land faster than a man can travel when walking at his best pace. In water some turtles can cut along at speeds which probably exceed ten knots at times. In an aquarium a turtle was seen to capture a trout, and they are no mean performers when it comes to swimming.

In capturing their prey chelonians are sometimes extremely rapid. The snapping tortoise, for example, is well named. When within reach of its prey it shoots out its head with the speed of a boxer's fist and its armoured jaws close on another meal with a vicious snap. It was one of these tortoises that, attacking its keeper at the London Zoo, tore the sole of his boot clean away from the uppers.

Another species of tortoise has been seen to leap into the air and capture a grasshopper in flight. And other tortoises have been seen to leave the ground through the vigour of their lunges when intent on capturing their prey.

Turtles are of considerable economic value. Not only for the world-famous soup but also for the uses to which the shell is put. Moreover by eating noxious insects and other creatures harmful to agriculture they, or at least some species, are a boon to the farmer. Of recent years quite a trade has also grown up in pet chelonians.

The capture of chelonians has, therefore, become a trade in itself, more especially of the marine turtles. Ships go out for long trips and pay out nets, somewhat similar to those of fishermen, but much stronger. These are placed over the sleeping grounds of the giant turtles, which get entangled, struggle and thus get even more caught up in the meshes of the net.

Extracting the turtles from the nets can be a dangerous business. Four hundred pounds of fighting turtle-flesh is a quarry worthy of respect. The great creatures are brought back alive and deposited into fattening pens. Here they are put on a special diet until they are ready for the soup-pot.

But a much more interesting and primitive method of capturing these giant marine turtles has been practised for centuries by some of the natives in the Australian area. They capture a sucking-fish, or remora, bore a hole in its tail and insert a cord. Then the natives put to sea.

When a turtle is sighted the sucking-fish, with cord attached, is thrown overboard. The fish makes for the turtle and, as is its habit, it clamps down with its sucker on to the turtle's back. So great is the pressure it can exert that the natives, by pulling on the cord attached to the fish's tail, can pull the turtle to the boat.

END

Striped Sweater

(*Continued from page 40*)

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Return to the first set of 40 sts. and work to correspond.

THE BACK

Work as for the front until after the armhole shaping (90 sts.). Work for 3½ ins. on these 90 sts.

Divide sts. for the back opening. Work 45 sts. (place the remaining 45 sts. on a spare needle). Work on the first set of 45 sts. for 3 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row. Continue for ½ in., casting off 1 st. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Return to the remaining 40 sts. Join wool at the neck edge and work to correspond with the first set of 40 sts.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles and red wool cast on 75 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles and patt. and strips, inc. 1 st. in every 7th st. of the first row only (85 sts). Continue for 4½ ins. from the cast-on edge. Shape top.

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 18 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK RIBBING

With No. 12 needles and red wool, cast on 130 sts. Rib for ¾ in. in k. 1, p. 1. Cast off.

THE CAP

With red wool and No. 12 needles cast on 120 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1½ ins. Change to No. 10 needles and patt. and strips. Work for 5 ins., then dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 100 sts. Then every 4th row until 84 sts., then every alternate row until 50 sts., then every row until 14 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up the side shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on neck band. With a No. 10 crochet hook work two rows of double crochet down the left side of the back opening.

Work two rows of double crochet down the right side of back opening, make 2 button loops. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

Press the cap with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seam. Gather the cast-off end and sew up. Make a tassel of red and white wool by winding round about 40 times over the hand. Cut one end. Tie round ¼ in. from the top, and sew at the end of cap.

END

Ribbed Pull-over

(*Continued from page 40*)

Return to the first 22 sts. and work to correspond.

THE FRONT

Work as for the back until 102 sts. Then divide sts. for V neck. Work on the first 51 sts. (placing the remaining 51 sts. on a spare needle), dec. 1 st. every alternate row at the armhole edge 7 times and 1 st. every 4th row at the neck edge until 31 sts., then every row until 24 sts. Work until armhole measures the same as for the back. Cast off.

Return to the remaining 51 sts. on spare needle and work to correspond.

SLEEVE EDGING (2)

With No. 12 needles cast on 145 sts.

1st row.—P. 2, * k. 1, p. 3; rep. from * ending p. 2.

2nd row.—K. 2, * p. 1, k. 3; rep. from * ending k. 2.

These 2 rows form rib. Work 12 rows. Cast off.

NECK EDGING

With No. 12 needles cast on 185 sts. Work in rib as for the sleeve edging for 12 rows, dec. 1 st. each end of every row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew side and shoulder seams. Sew front of decreased edge of neck edging. Sew on the neck edging. Sew on sleeve edgings. Press with a warm iron and damp cloth on the wrong side.

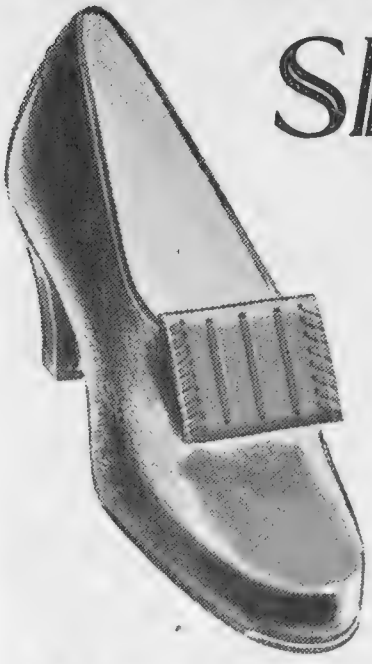
ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; m. = make; s. = slip; st. or sts. = stitch or stitches; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; w.fd. = wool forward; p.s.s.o. = pass slip stitch over.

END

WM2

DELTA SHOES



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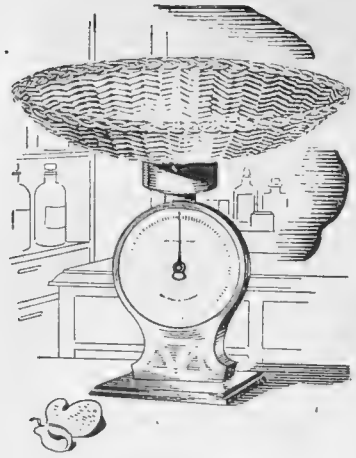

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Purchase Tax Included.

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LIXEN
The Good-Natured Laxative

On Duty—And Off

(*Continued from page 44*)

have been most strictly rationed. Lord Woolton made it his business to safeguard English children's teeth when he added orange juice and cod liver oil to the green ration book.

If your own teeth are giving you more trouble than they did before the war, take a course of halibut oil and remember that fresh raw vegetable salads are the best substitute for orange juice. These are particularly important when there is the slightest suspicion of gum trouble.

To keep the gums well conditioned you should give them three minutes' finger massage night and morning after you have brushed your teeth. In America they recommend certain tooth pastes for gum massage, and this is a very important part of mouth hygiene. If floss were used as regularly as the teeth are brushed, there would be far less dental decay. Any chemist sells this dental floss. It is easy to use, and if you notice that it frays after use, this is a sure sign that your teeth need the attention of your dentist, as the rough edge of even a tiny tooth cavity will fray the floss.

Here is a tooth-brush tip: before you use a new tooth brush, it should be soaked for several hours in a solution of salt and water. Half a teaspoon in a tumbler of water should be used for this purpose.

There is a right and a wrong way to brush your teeth. It is particularly important to teach children the right way to brush their teeth, which is up and down, and not across. Cross brushing is dangerous, because it tends to irritate the gums and make them bleed, and it is inefficient because it fails to remove tiny portions of food left between the teeth. The correct method is to brush the upper teeth downwards from the gums and the lower teeth upward from the gums.

END

Bull of the Pacific

(*Continued from page 32*)

raised his head in time to see a pack of dolphin whales, the bloodthirstiest pirates in all the seas, surging down on him with the lustful light of the killer in their metallic eyes.

Callo, figuratively speaking, was on the spot. And having no desire to tangle with animals that could harry gigantic whales to death, and even tear out their ton-weight tongues, he went into a shallow dive, then doubling back in his own frothy wake, shot off in the opposite direction at full speed.

His nerves tingling at the narrowness of his escape, for when killer whales are abroad it is no time for fur seals to loiter, he ploughed north-westward till he swam smack into one of those hurricanes that seem to sweep across the Pacific without the slightest warning. Fortunately, not having any sail to take in, or hatches to batten down, he experienced no danger or discomfort, but, on the contrary, surrendered himself completely to the buffeting of the warring elements.

Keeping on the beam in that welter of sea and wind and flying spray wasn't the easiest thing in the world. But if he was blown off his course at all, it was only momentary. Sooner or later the gyroscopic contraption inside him brought him right back on the proper course.

Essentially a product of the storm, Callo revelled in the roar of the hurricane, the hissing of wind-sliced wave-tops, and the slapping of the waves against his smooth flanks. Could he have had his way, he would have ordered a storm for every day of the year.

The sea continued to kick up long after the wind had died down, and the orange-coloured seal was surprised, and not a little annoyed, to find himself ploughing through thick masses of seaweed. Irritated at the way the spongy stalks slid over his immaculate back, and even, on occasion, looped themselves disgustingly about his neck, he tried to escape them by going into a series of duck dives. And when that only accentuated his discomfort, he shut his eyes and ploughed through the slimy mass like a seagoing bulldozer till a thick fog blanketed the sea and hid everything from sight.

If Callo had been alert before, he was doubly so now. Suspicious and fearful of the clammy vapour because of the cover it afforded his two most voracious enemies—the shark and the killer whale—he let his body sink well under the surface and reduced his speed to a mere crawl.

Notwithstanding the fact that he knew he could expect almost anything to emerge from behind a fogbank, he was astounded, a few minutes later, to see a crude dug-out, bearing two natives, a man and a woman, slide silently and purposefully out from under the drifting vapour. Catching sight of him the man came quickly to his feet with poised spear. Just as he was about to hurl it, however, a movement of Callo's flippers must have revealed his flaming torso because the hunter dropped his weapon with a startled exclamation and sank to his knees in the dug-out. Certain that he was at last face to face with one of the sea gods his father and grandfather had so frequently described, he covered his eyes with his hands and ordered the woman to paddle from the spot as quickly as she could.

If the orange-coloured seal was at all aware of his narrow squeak, and of the terror with which he had filled the heart of the native, he gave no indication of it. Too fiercely intent on reaching his destination to be concerned with lesser issues, he stepped up his pace and slid silently into the heart of the fog.

Unfortunately, there must have been some demagnetizing element in the drifting mass of vapour because Callo suddenly lost all sense of direction. One minute, he was moving confidently on the prescribed course, and the next, he was swimming about in aimless circles. Fighting down a mounting sense of panic and frustration, he heaved his flaming body out of the water and sifted the damp air through finely meshed nostrils.

Luckily, after an interminable amount of sniffing, he was on the beam again and moving in the right direction. Hot with desire, he accelerated his pace and boiled away at top speed.

PRESENTLY, from a long way off, came the muffled thunder of surf on rocks, the hissing of breaking waves, and the throaty roars of innumerable seals. Magically, too, the sea all about was dotted with the heads of thousands of other bull seals, all moving in the same direction.

Something in the cacophonous sounds must have touched a hidden chord deep down in Callo's being because he quickened his pace till he fairly boiled through the water. Every inch of his magnificent body bristling with eagerness and haste, he shouldered into the fog.

The opaque sea was full of seals now, seals that coughed and roared in a perfect bedlam of sound. Then breakers, white with foam and studded with sharp-toothed crags, barred Callo's path, and he broke off in the middle of a hoarse cough to slide forward in a long shallow dive. The minute his searching fore-flippers touched rock he knew that he had reached the end of his journey and was about to acquire the status of a full-fledged bull.

Honking and coughing, he emerged from the sea like a whiskered Neptune and lurched over the spume-swept rock with mounting arrogance, shouldering aside the smaller bulls and defying the battered old harem-masters with a reckless disregard of the consequences.

The going got tougher and tougher as he worked landwards, and the entrenched bulls more determined than ever not to yield an inch of ground to the interloper. And, finally, there came a moment when further progress was barred by a solid phalanx of gaping mouths, bristling faces and hot, throbbing bodies. Revelling in the tumult and excitement, Callo charged and butted at the barrier till he found himself at the foot of a slight incline

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leading to a rocky shelf to which a huge old bull had established all rights of ingress and egress.

Sensing the challenge in the orange seal's glaring eyes the battle-scarred veteran tried to discourage him with a deep-throated blast that he brought up from the very depths of his cavernous chest. The younger bull hadn't come all this way to be frustrated by a loud-mouthed grandpop, however. Lurching up the slippery slope he tackled the oldster with such devastating fury he drove him off the ledge and into the sea, just as the frothy breakers became dotted with the smooth round heads of half a million seal cows.

The bedlam that had reigned on the island up to that moment paled into a whisper compared to the blast of sound that now ascended to the heavens. Quivering with emotion, the waiting bulls fought off last-minute invaders and snatched eagerly at the cows as they landed. And since the choicest arrivals naturally fell to the boldest bulls, it wasn't surprising that Callo should excel as a collector.

His protruding eyes ringed with blood, and his throat hoarse from bellowing, he drove off covetous rivals till the excitement gradually abated and he—the world's most perfect amphibian—found himself the lord and master of a fifty-cow harem and irrevocably committed to the reproduction of his kind on land.

END

Why Not A Waterway?

(*Continued from page 42*)

given to thousands by the construction of this suggested waterway and the benefit to trade and agriculture, there is a lighter, but by no means negligible, side to the picture. Miniature pleasure-liners, of the type seen before the war on the Göta Canal in Sweden, would be able to ply their way from coast to coast through some of England's most beautiful scenery. A peaceful, small-scale cruise in one's own country would be within the reach of many who, for one reason or another, could not venture far afield . . . not to mention the opportunity for a link-up with the steamers in the south and an extended tour along the south coast, round to the east and up the Thames estuary to London!

For many years past, we in this country have been neglectful and unheedful of our waterways and their possibilities, whereas on the Continent—notably in France, Belgium and Germany—vast sums of money have been spent on canal construction and development. A scheme such as that of the proposed Channel-to-Channel waterway, if coupled with a similar contemplated passage from Gloucester, Worcester and Birmingham, would give us a first-class national waterway and create an incentive to trade and agriculture all along its route.

END

The Island Sanctuary

(*Continued from page 20*)

boat," the trader said. "Shall I take you out?"

"Please! My! But that's quick work."

"I can't begin to thank you," Holwell said as he took his place in the flimsy craft. "I'll try and drop some tobacco . . . and soap for you. Or have it dropped."

"Thanks."

"That story you told me has set me thinking. Of course, I tumbled that you were Smith."

"So I thought," the trader smiled. "Only I'm not. Smith's doing well, I believe, in England, and I hope he's married his little London girl. No . . . I'm the man who gave a real chance to a girl in Caproni's Café."

The two men shook hands warmly before Holwell clambered up into the seaplane: "If you ever want to come back here—and you may," Seed said with a smile, "you come back. There's a lot to be said for it."

END

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Recommended by Members of the Medical Profession.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

What Is Going On In Ireland? (*Continued from page 13*)

north and south, with an eighty minutes' off-the-record talk with Mr. De Valera in the Dublin Kremlin, and a thirty minutes' on-the-record talk with Premier Sir Basil Brooke at Stormont Castle, the picture changed quite a bit.

I failed to rub shoulders with any Japs, and the only Nazi I met was a waiter at the Shelbourne, Dublin's Ritz. He was pointed out to me by an Irish waiter who surreptitiously asked me, as he served dinner, my view of the war's outcome. He said the Nazi was still telling his Irish colleagues that Germany would win in the end. I secured one of the Nazi's tables for lunch next day. He was an excellent waiter, smooth, deft, courteous, deferential, attentive. He didn't broach the war or any other subject outside food and wine with me.

I found De Valera has a sense of humour, a gleam of charm, is wearing well, agrees (it was my suggestion) that Eire is less a nation than a way of life, and thinks a farm worker wise who prefers an extra hour in bed to an extra hour spent toiling to earn the extra money for a radio set (De Valera used to get up at five on his uncle's farm to do the chores; to-day, the Irish farm worker rises at six).

I found that the Eireans were suffering from—or blessed with, if you prefer—the small-nation, or Garbo, complex. They want to be alone. If De Valera has his way, they'll end up a sort of living museum piece, a nation of Gaelic speakers, and you'll need an interpreter to get around in Eire. Youth can't enter the professions or the Government service now without Gaelic. The children get thirty minutes of Gaelic daily in the schools.

I also found that although on external policy the factions are united, on internal policy they differ. Ministers and ex-Ministers abuse and insult one another in the Dail. Epithets like "sucker" and "perjurer" fly around. Members offer to settle personal differences outside the House—whether with fists or guns is not always clear. The day I dropped in the august Taoiseach was under fire. There was some question of a secret deal with England whereby Eire swapped hospital facilities in return for a tanker-load or six of petrol. "You're a liar," yelled a deputy at De Valera. The Taoiseach blinked behind his owl-glasses and muttered something which might have been: "Really!" It was a normal day in a Chamber where the Speaker earns his salary as thoroughly as the referee at an all-in wrestling match.

I saw much, asked many questions of many people, but now and again drew blank. For instance, young Irishmen had worked in British fields and factories, joined the British army, and Irish girls had crossed the Irish Sea and joined the ATS. But, how many? The figures have been put variously at 25,000 and 250,000. In Dublin those who should have known evaded the question by saying that if they told me, the British censors wouldn't let me print it. "But we'll name two of our people with the British Army—Field-Marshal Montgomery, and Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Sir Alan Brooke." Montgomery belongs to Eire because his residence, the old family summer seat, New Park, Moville, a big old house overlooking Lough Foyle, is just on the right (in Ulster, they call it the wrong) side of the border.

The Eireans don't excuse their neutrality. They defend it. America was neutral, wasn't she? And Norway? Until they were attacked. "Nobody attacked us." And if they had? Well, Eire would have fought the invader, as the Norwegians did. That's official. It is also façade.

More than 200,000 volunteers joined up on "the emergency"—they don't talk of "the war" in Eire. But most went unarmed into the observer and coast-watching corps. The total land, sea and air forces in Eire total around 80,000. They haven't got an up-to-date fighter or bomber plane, or what we would call a tank. Their artillery is pre-war, and they haven't got a munitions industry behind them. A small amphibious force, a division of land troops with some air support, could have taken Eire in a week at any time.

Indeed, one of the explanations of Eire's neutrality given to me—I noted half a dozen versions—was that Eire was wide open. She hadn't a single battery of anti-aircraft guns with radar equipment to defend herself with. She would have had to invite in British or Ulster forces, and that was unthinkable. Poland put up the same argument against admitting the Red Army when the Nazis got set to attack her: which explains Stalin's attitude about Poland—he doesn't want a Polish De Valera in Warsaw to-morrow, giving him the sort of headache the British have had over Eire in this war.

The watchers and patrols of all kinds, the keepers of neutrality, did a good job. Secrets may have leaked through Ireland, but I haven't heard of a proven case yet.

This obsession with neutrality keeps the Eireans from claiming that they helped Britain during the war. One government man I talked to leaned backwards this way: "Britain got all our surplus cattle and food, but what about it? We were willing to supply Germany, too. Or anybody else. All they had to do was send along their ships and cash, and take out what we'd got to sell that they wanted. Of course, some nations didn't seem to be able to get ships to our ports, and it's always possible that if they could get ships here, we wouldn't be able to supply them owing to prior contracts with England calling for all the eggs or pigs or cattle we have available per month, or our whole surplus."

He laughed and I laughed, and we didn't pursue the subject further.

But it wasn't all one way. The British had to see Eire through. For although De Valera's Fail Fianna tells the people that but for its industrialization measures since 1932, Eireans in "the emergency" would have gone bootless, sugarless and breadless, and be worse off than they are in various ways, the fact remains that Eire still depends on the outside world for coal, petrol, oil, raw materials, and a long line of factory products.

There's been no building of houses since 1939. That's not through lack of man-power—there's some unemployment in Eire, and a dole-in-kind system, under which the jobless get bread, milk and turf rations free, but no spare cash to spend on movies, beer, tobacco and betting on the gees. They have the sites cleared, drains and sewers dug. But to put houses on top they need windows, plumbing, and some other etceteras, and they've no factories for making these, and no materials if they had the factories and skilled workers. So, ironically, neutral Eire finds itself in the same boat as belligerent and bombed Britain, with houses as its Number One post-war problem.

ALL kinds of shortages have hit Eire. A famine in artificial fertilizers—Eire needs 50,000 tons a year, and has no nitrogen plant—halved the 1943 sugar crop. That meant more than sugar, for sugar beet and the factory waste is largely used for live-stock feed. Nearly 4,000 mares were killed off early on, to save feed. The pig herds shrank. In four years the number going to the curers dropped from 1,002,037 to 348,580.

Britain had to send in coal, iron, tractors, spare parts, wire for nails, sulphate of ammonia to save the potato crop on which the West Coast farmers largely depend for their own and their live-stock food, potassic fertilizer for the flax crop, wax foundations and sections for the bee-keepers' honey, and so on down a long list. As tillage increased—they've got 2,425,000 acres ploughed up now, the biggest area since 1875—tractors wore out, and more horses went to work on Eire's 400,000 farms, most of them 25- to 50-acre places. The blacksmiths worked overtime making spares for the tractors and shoes for the horses, and then they ran out of iron. It was a red-letter day in 1943 when a new installation at the steel mill at Haulbowline produced 350 tons of mild steel from scrap.

I filled notebooks with the stories, but they all boil down to the old familiar story of scarcities, substitutes, tightened belts, and weak spots found out in a small agrarian country trying to industrialize itself without home raw material resources.

EIRE uses 2½ million tons of coal and 3 million tons of turf a year. Turf is romantic in an open grate, but uneconomical in an industrial installation. By bulk, you need four volumes of turf to raise the heat provided by one volume of coal. You need much larger grate capacity and secondary air to prevent heat loss through incomplete combustion.

On a big government-run peat bog I saw an elaborate Heath Robinson contraption taking in raw turf at one end and dropping out hard peat bricks at the other—fuel for locomotives in the absence of cheaper and more efficient coal. In the summer of '44 only two trains a week ran between Cork and Dublin, against a normal four a day. You can guess how conditions of that sort over the country dislocated economic and social life, caused shortages, high costs, and gum-ups.

What can you get to eat? Take a look at the menu at Jammet's, approximating to the Savoy Grill, pre-war. A porterhouse steak for two costs 10s.; a half-chicken 5s., a whole one 10s.; a fillet steak 4s.; a whole lobster 4s. 6d.; oysters 7s. 6d. a dozen. No limits on courses, and no eating holds barred—except butter (no butter served in restaurants). You can eat on the Jammet scale in the restaurants of half a dozen hotels, from the Royal Hibernian to the Dolphin.

But Dublin is Eire's Madrid. In the towns the people complain of high prices. Eggs, bacon, fish and other foods cost too much in a low-wage land. There's been a steady deterioration in the Irish loaf because Eire can't get the wheat and the home crops haven't run to Government plan.

But De Valera can still get his majority in an Eire which he runs with the aid of a draper, a compositor, a schoolteacher, a patents agent, an electrical engineer, two farmers, and the son of a Newfoundland judge. Last time—May 1944—the British and Americans innocently won his fight for him. They had just sent that famous Note inviting him to kick out the enemy diplomats in Dublin. Assured that nothing would happen, De Valera proudly reasserted Eire's neutrality. The election issue was over some business of stock exchange gambling in rail shares on a leakage of information from Government quarters. The people cared nothing about that. The Big Boys had threatened Dev, and hadn't he told them where to get off! There's a broth av a bhoy! Eire for the Oirish, and the hell with all of yez! They gave him 77 seats in a Dail of 138. Churchill's radio slap may have been worth a hundred thousand votes to Dev's man in last June's Presidential election. For that's how the Eireans are.

Now, they have an aggregate £50,000,000 worth of plans for expanding Foynes airport, the busiest in Europe, enlarging the road and rail system, trebling their electricity output, attracting the tourist traffic—and Eamon De Valera nourishes his long-term dream of one day absorbing the 90,000 farms, the shipyards and rich industrial complex, which lie under the Union Jack and England's wing in the six counties of the North.

But that's another story.

END

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HOME SWEET HOME

"There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

OUTSIDE the wind has cried itself to sleep. The brief winter twilight is fading into night and in the deepening dusk the lighted street lamps bloom like giant jonquils.

In the silence and the safety of this firelit room there's a memory and a promise for those thousands far away. This friendly hearth, this shining room remind us that while men make houses women make homes. In the quiet welcome of this peaceful room how easy to forget you're in a house, and only know that you're at home. And how much this happy room owes to little things: to a little care with gentle Silvo: to linens made lustrous white by that last rinse in Reckitt's Blue; to Zebo's winning way with gloomy grates; and to copper and brass all laughing and gay because of Brasso.

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